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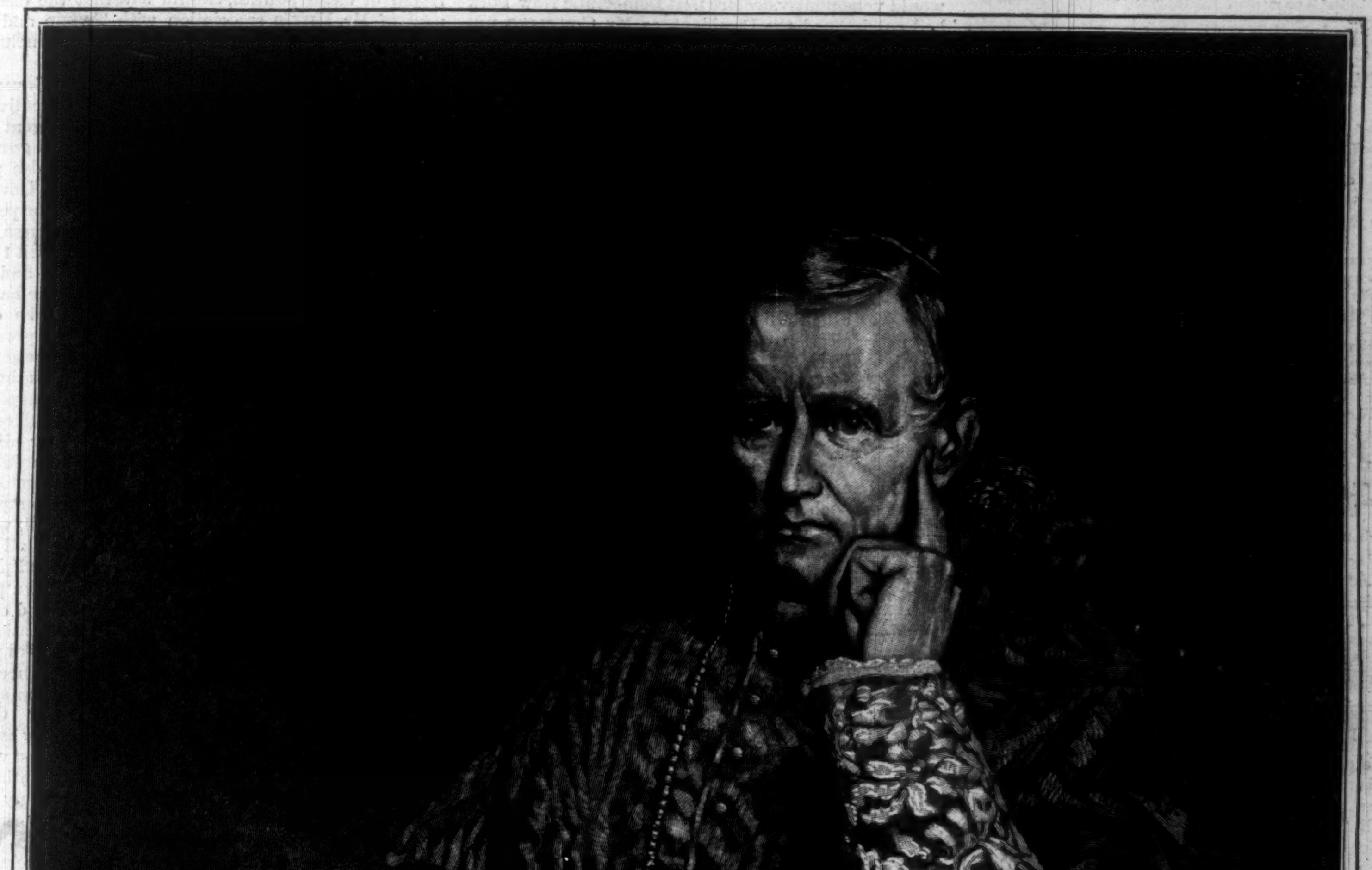

THE LATE CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH FROM A PAINTING BY HUNTINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 683.]

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for October 13 presents an unusually attractive appearance with its numerous handsome cuts, while the entertainment to be found in the letterpress in no wise falls short of the high standard of the paper.

The front-page is a handsome engraving after a painting by N. A. WELLS, *entitled*

"SOLID COMFORT."

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, *the well-known arctic explorer, contributes an entertaining account of how he hunted buffalo calves on the plains with a lasso in order to keep them as pets. The article is spiritedly illustrated by* THULSTRUP.

"*Hikers*" *is the title of a short article which furnishes subjects for two engravings. The title is the name of a sail-boat peculiar to the Delaware River.*

"*When Brown Nuts Drop*" *is a seasonable article by* AGNES CARR SAGE.

In addition to other stories there is a fairy tale entitled

"THE SWAN MAIDEN."

It is by HOWARD PYLE, *whose illustrated stories in the same vein have been an attractive and unique feature of the paper for several months past.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE election campaign in New York will be brief and brisk. The real question at issue is not the relative strength of parties, because it is admitted that while the Independent vote will generally go to the Republican candidate, it is also known that the reform Democratic vote will not generally go for the Democratic candidate. Meanwhile the purely partisan Republican organs repel both the Independent and reform Democratic vote by denouncing President CLEVELAND as a hypocrite, with the intention of claiming the election of Mr. DAVENPORT as a rebuke of the President by his own State. A greater Bourbon stupidity in the political situation in New York can not be conceived—a stupidity which more than anything else raises a reasonable doubt of Mr. DAVENPORT'S election. In the same spirit the Bourbon Democratic papers, equally hostile to the President, but hoping to gain his friends by an appeal to party loyalty, insist that as Mr. HILL is the regular Democratic candidate, his defeat would be the rebuke of the President, and therefore every New York Democrat who wishes to sustain the President should vote for Mr. HILL. In this situation, when the party Bourbons on each side, equally hostile to the President, assert that the election of Mr. DAVENPORT would be a rebuke to him from his own State, it is evident that every sensible voter who wishes to strengthen the reform movement by sustaining the President must decide for himself.

Undoubtedly it is usually true that a President's course is sustained by supporting the nominations of his party, because the assumption is fair that he and his party agree upon the course to be pursued. But nothing is better known than that this is not the present situation in the Democratic party. When Senator McDONALD says that he doesn't believe in civil service reform, and that Mr. HILL is a good Democratic civil service reformer; and Mr. ECCLESINE says, amid great applause, that he believes in Democrats as much after election as before; when a Democratic paper asserts that Mr. HILL'S motto is "that of the venerable high-priest of Democracy, ANDREW JACKSON, 'to the victors belong the spoils'"; and Tammany Hall, which nominated Mr. HILL, and to whose vote he must owe his election if successful, protests passionately against reform; and Pennsylvania Democrats echo and prolong the protest which mutters and murmurs through a very large part of the Democratic press—it can not be denied that the President and his party do not agree upon his reform policy, and therefore that to vote for Democratic candidates is not necessarily to sustain the President. The intelligent voter also will not fail to observe that the Democratic papers in this State which are known to be most hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND are also most aggressively friendly to Mr. HILL, and such voters will remark the significant fact that while those papers constantly assert that it is ridiculous to suppose that the President can be sustained by defeating his party, they are very careful not to say that they themselves think the election of Mr. HILL would be a verdict of approval for Mr. CLEVELAND. No one who watches closely the political situation in this State can doubt that the election of Mr. HILL would be interpreted by these papers, by Tammany Hall, by the Vice-President, by Senator McDONALD, by all the Democratic clubs and associations and rings which demand the spoils, as an unquestionable and peremptory rebuke of the President's policy by the Democracy of his own State. They would vehemently declare that Democratic New York had condemned the President, as Mr. CONKLING undoubtedly intended to say the same thing of Republican New York and President GARFIELD, had he been triumphantly re-elected, as he anticipated, in 1881. The Republican party press would echo the Democratic declaration, and cite the election of Mr. HILL as conclusive and indisputable proof of the Democratic repudiation of Mr. CLEVELAND for even pretending to be a reformer, and of the utter humbug of all Democratic pretensions to reform.

President CLEVELAND, who is a sincere Democrat and strongly attached to his party, is yet a man of strong convictions and undaunted courage. He is doubtless aware of the interpretation that would be placed by all intelligent Republicans and Democrats upon the election of Mr. HILL. But we are of the opinion of Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, of the Democratic *Staats-Zeitung*, who says, "The President will not be swerved from the policy he has laid out for himself, no matter whether the Democracy of the State is successful this fall or not." The President as a Democrat would naturally prefer that his course should be approved by the election of a reform Democrat, had such a candidate been nominated, rather than by that of a Republican. But although his course would be much easier for him if his party unitedly sustained it, he never would have been President if the disapproval of a powerful body in his party could dismay or deter him from the path which he believes to be that of duty. He never would have been President, because it was precisely his manly independence and devotion to the public service rather than to party advantage—knowing as he did that the best public service was most advantageous to his party—which made him Mayor of Buffalo, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. Every voter in New York must decide for himself whether in this State at this election the success of the ticket of the President's party, nominated by his enemies in the party, will strengthen his hands for reform, and prove that the Democratic party is a reform party, and whether those orators and papers which are most vociferous for Mr. HILL are most friendly to Mr. CLEVELAND. A vote for Mr. DAVENPORT is a vote for reform, not only because he is himself sincerely friendly to it, but because the real supporters of Mr. HILL are its bitterest opponents.

GOVERNOR HILL'S "RECORD."

IT should be enough to secure the defeat of Governor HILL that he is the candidate of opponents of administrative reform. But it appears also that he was one of the strongest supporters of the TWEED misrule in this State. The evidence is conclusive that in the summer of 1870, after TWEED had secured his charter, and when he was busily confirming his clutch upon the city treasury by subsidizing the press and buying members of the Legislature and bribing judges, he furnished ten thousand dollars to the Elmira *Gazette*, and became the partner of Mr. HILL in that enterprise. The transaction was negotiated by EDWARD L. PATRICK, who had been an agent of TWEED'S in the Legislature, and who was afterward convicted and punished for fraud as a pension agent. Mr. HILL became TWEED'S partner and PATRICK'S successor in the Legislature in the same year, and his votes for all the TWEED iniquities in the Assembly are recorded from first to last.

The details of the transaction are fully given in the daily papers from authentic documents, and the explanation offered is wholly inadequate. It amounts to this: that TWEED took stock in the paper in good faith, that his frauds were not exposed until the following autumn, and that then desiring to sell his interest in the paper, it was bought by Mr. HILL and his associates for fifty cents on the dollar. But why did Mr. HILL in the winter figure in the Legislature as the henchman of his newspaper partner, and by supporting his legislative schemes become also practically his partner in the raids upon the treasury? Before the final exposures of the frauds were made in the *Times* in 1871 were not TWEED and his doings notorious enough to prevent an honorable man from becoming his partner or supporting his schemes in the Legislature? The frauds had not been fully and plainly exposed when the statue to TWEED was projected in this city, nor when the wedding presents were given to his daughter. But the substantial facts were so well known at the time that the subscribers to the statue and the givers of the gifts—which were both merely bows of servility to the cap of Gesler—were quite as much disgraced as they would have been for the same servility after the *Times* publication had been made. In the Legislature of 1872, after the exposures were made, Mr. HILL was still in the TWEED rear-guard, supporting the Erie Ring, and voting against the impeachment of the corrupt judges, and against the election law which was designed to correct the frauds of the Ring at the polls. No man who in that dark day was steadily devoted to the Ring, and aided its crimes against liberty and honest government, will ever receive the vote of any citizen who remembers what the Ring and its crimes were. It is surprising that the Springfield *Republican*, always the friend of clean politics, should say that the disclosures of Mr. HILL'S association with TWEED and his steady support of the Ring "prove nothing conclusive against him."

Has anything yet been produced from Governor HILL'S record as a legislator or as the Executive of the State which shows him to be the intelligent and courageous friend of honest politics and good government, and the uncompromising foe of knavish politicians and doubtful political methods? As Governor of the State for a year, has he impressed the people of New York as the energetic friend of progress, and as an Executive of comprehensive public spirit? and has every supporter of measures of reform and improvement regarded him as a sure ally, or has he doubted the Governor's co-operation? Is he commended to support by the revelations of his previous career which have been made, by his executive action, or by the influences and the political leaders that secured his nomination? Is it his executive support of the extravagant fee system in the Brooklyn offices, or his costly conduct in the census quarrel, or his unwillingness to sign the Niagara Reservation Bill, or his attempted paralysis of the Adirondack protective bills, or his hostility to prison labor, or his sympathy with the so-called Freedom of Worship Bill, which make him a candidate to be supported by all who would see the highest public intelligence and public spirit in the Executive Chamber? Do his own party friends desire that the people of the State and of the country shall renew their trust in the Democratic party, and then offer as the evidence of its hopeful progress that it presents Mr. HILL as the worthy successor in the executive chair of New York of Governors SEYMOUR, TILDEN, ROBINSON, and CLEVELAND? Could the bitterest enemies of the Democratic party ask for completer justification of the profound distrust which is felt for it than the fact that in the first months of a Democratic national administration Tammany Hall returns to the control of the party in New York? Is there any intelligent Democrat who does not know that the sole hope of his party lies in its absolute repudiation of the influences and tendencies which have triumphed in the nomination of Mr. HILL?

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THE Irish question under the leadership of PARNELL moves steadily forward. Its real object becomes plainer, and circumstances undoubtedly favor its accomplishment. Mr. PARNELL'S fundamental conviction throughout the controversy has obviously been that England would grant nothing to Ireland except upon compulsion, that no English party is really friendly to Ireland, and that, according to the occasion and its power in Parliament, Ireland must play off one party against the other, and by every kind of parliamentary obstruction force redress for Ireland. At the dinner to Lord SPENCER, JOHN BRIGHT said that the Irish leaders had shown "a boundless sympathy for criminals and murderers. From their lips no one sentence of emphatic condemnation for them has passed. There has been no word of pity for their victims." The sting of this assertion lies in the undoubted fact that if Mr. PARNELL had firmly denounced and prohibited the crimes, they would have stopped. If he did not take this course because of the feeling that they were provoked, his judgment was at fault. If he did not take it because he feared to lose control, he buys his leadership at too high a price.

The present important events in the Irish discussion are the recent address of Mr. GLADSTONE, representing the conservative Liberals, and the speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, representing the radical Liberals, and the Wicklow speech of Mr. PARNELL. Mr. GLADSTONE admits that there must be an enlargement of local government, but he holds that the supremacy of the crown, the unity of the empire, and the authority of Parliament to preserve that unity, must be maintained at all hazards. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declares that PARNELL'S policy is in many respects a good one, but that separation is a calamity to which England will not submit. Mr. PARNELL, in his Wicklow speech, assumes that further "forced legislative connection" is practically abandoned by England, but that two conditions are held in England to be essential to the change: first, that there shall be no separation, and

second, that Ireland shall not be allowed to protect her own manufactures. To this he answers that the chief wrong to Ireland has been the destruction of her manufactures; and if justice is to be done, an Irish Parliament must be free to foster the few industries in which Ireland may excel. In regard to separation, he advises England to trust Ireland altogether or not to trust her at all. Since eighty-five years of Parliamentary connection have produced the intensest disloyalty, may it not be supposed that with the removal of the cause the effect may also disappear? In Australia and Canada disaffection has disappeared. Why should not a similar result follow in Ireland?

This speech, with the address of Mr. GLADSTONE and the speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, shows how near the Irish question is to a tentative solution. How complete is the ascendency of Mr. PARNELL appears in the fact that his candidates for Parliament were nominated without a dissenting voice by the Convention, and each candidate signed a pledge that if elected he would sit, act, and vote with the Irish Parliamentary party, and if the majority of that party should at any time decide that he had not fulfilled the pledge, he would instantly resign. In the Convention a third of the one hundred and twenty delegates were priests, and they cheered most loudly the selection of the candidates. The London *Times* says that the government of Ireland has passed or is passing out of the hands of the English ministers, and it seems to tell the truth. At this distance the situation appears to be one which requires that the question be settled either by the reduction of Ireland to a province or the concession of an Irish Parliament with powers so large as to be practically equivalent to independence. The radical difficulty with Mr. PARNELL's plan is the absence of that trust upon the part of England which is indispensable to the arrangement, and it is not at all improbable that Mr. PARNELL himself would see with profound apprehension a substantial separation. But the situation is exceedly interesting.

BOOMERANGS.

SENATOR HOAR is an honest friend of reform, and he has been often its strong and eloquent advocate. But in his late speech at the Massachusetts Convention his severe criticism upon President CLEVELAND was a boomerang. He said that the Republican party is "fully pledged to reform," and that "with few exceptions its originators, its advocates, its genuine supporters, are among Republicans alone." Every friend of reform has always gladly acknowledged Republican service in its behalf. But they have held nevertheless that, with a much larger reform element, it is not distinctively a reform party. Senator HOAR substantially admits this in saying that the party has other responsibilities, and must be allowed "to go slow" in reform; and alluding to critics of the party he says: "Men who are interested in but one package may often be expected to hurry a driver who regulates his speed with reference to the whole load." But this is as true of President CLEVELAND and his administration as of the Republican party. The President is a driver with many responsibilities. Why, then, should not the friends of reform be as tolerant of him as of a Republican driver? The Senator's remark is a boomerang.

But the Senator objects to such generous and reasonable consideration of the President. The President must hasten and deliver the one package at any cost or he is a charlatan. The Senator says that the President's friends seem to think that he is to be praised as Dr. JOHNSON judged a woman's preaching: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind-legs. It is not done well. But you are surprised to find it done at all." This remark, again, is a boomerang. It is an assertion that the President's course is not consistent. But has there been any Republican President who in the matter of reform is not quite as open as the Democratic President to Dr. JOHNSON's contemptuous fling, and with still less reason for his inconsistency if, as the Senator says, the Republican party is so much stronger a reform party than the Democratic? If, with his party approving, the Republican driver did not hurry, why should the Democratic driver, with a disapproving party, be derided for not hurrying?

Senator HOAR says truly that "no great reform was ever brought to pass by the attempt to serve God and the Democratic party at the same time." But President CLEVELAND is certainly no more devoted to the Democratic party than the Senator to the Republican party, which he says must not be hurried in the work of reform. Can reform, then, be achieved by trying to serve God and the Republican party? The Senator will not forget that he says to the friends of reform precisely what the old Whig leaders forty years ago said to the Free-soilers. It was, indeed, true that the Whigs were more antislavery than the Democrats. But nevertheless the Whigs were drivers who felt with the Senator that they must not be hurried; and they never did hurry, and never carried the package, and were forced to retire from business. It is not open to the Senator to say that at least the antislavery men did not trust the Democrats more than the Whigs, because the friends of reform have never said it. On the contrary, they have always criticised Democratic violators both of the spirit and the letter of reform, and they have always admitted the larger reform element to be in the Republican party. But they do not think for that reason that they ought to vote for unworthy Republican candidates, nor that it is just to praise a Republican President for what little he may do for reform, and at the same moment to sneer at a Democratic President because he is not a perfectly consistent reformer.

THE WINE STORY.

WHILE Mr. HILL is shown to have been a newspaper partner and legislative ally of TWEED'S, it is urged against Mr. DAVENPORT that he is president of a wine company. This charge certainly is somewhat less injurious than that against Mr. HILL. But while that against Mr. HILL is true, that against Mr. DAVENPORT is in substance false. He is not now the president of a wine company, and he held the office for a time in order, as executor of a friend's estate, to enable him to pay honest debts and to protect his friend's family. This accusation is made to repel the votes of temperance men from Mr. DAVENPORT, and the facts therefore should be known.

A friend of Mr. DAVENPORT'S was about to undergo a critical surgical operation, and he besought Mr. DAVENPORT to act as the executor of his will. Mr. DAVENPORT declined. But after the operation, when his friend was dying, he renewed the request, and Mr. DAVENPORT assented. He found that his friend's estate included a large share of the stock of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, and the situation was such that to preserve the property it was desirable that Mr. DAVENPORT should assume all the responsibility which his friend had held. He did so, and becoming president of the company, he paid off the debts of the estate, and secured a sufficient support for the widow and children; and then, having no other interest in the company, no investment in it and no profit from it, and having received no salary as president, he withdrew from it entirely.

This is the whole story, and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. DAVENPORT. There is no sincere and intelligent prohibitionist who, while regretting that any one should find himself honorably obliged to assume such a connection, would not admit that Mr. DAVENPORT'S course was that of a most honorable and upright man. If the grave facts in the career of Mr. HILL could be disposed of as summarily as this falsehood about Mr. DAVENPORT, it would be fortunate for him. The essence of a lie is the intent to deceive, and the intention of this story about Mr. DAVENPORT is to make the prohibition voter believe that the Republican candidate is or has been pecuniarily interested in the manufacture of wine. This is the point of the story, and this is false.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

AT a recent meeting of the Young Republican Club of Brooklyn its president made a speech in which he declared his belief in parties and party organization and government, adding that apathy in regard to parties produces apathy in regard to public affairs. This is very true, and the worst kind of apathy in regard to parties is indifference to the character of candidates and an apathetic acceptance of a nomination because it is "regular."

The resolutions adopted by the club stated that,

"recognizing our allegiance under honorable conditions to the party whose name we bear, and under whose banner we have worked in many campaigns, we rejoice in the opportunity afforded us by the Republican State Convention of again laboring zealously for the success of Republican principles, and for the election of candidates worthy of the confidence of all the people."

This also is well said. Parties are the great agencies by which great political results are achieved. But no honorable man owns any allegiance to party except upon honorable conditions, of which he is necessarily the judge for himself.

The *Tribune* published the other day an extract from Judge BARRETT'S "ringing speech" at the famous indignation mass-meeting against the TWEED Ring after the defeat of the repeal of the Erie Classification Act—a defeat in the interest of the Ring, and for which Governor HILL voted in the Assembly. Judge BARRETT spoke with great fervor, and his words may be profitably pondered by those who own allegiance to parties under dishonorable conditions:

"We seek to teach every Republican who believes in an accountable being—and doubtless there are many such—and every Democrat who acknowledges the same law, that it is a crime to support a dishonest man of his own party in preference to an honest man of the opposition."

LATE, BUT TRUE.

IN his speech at Springfield Senator HAWLEY said what every Independent Republican will cordially approve, assuming that by overscrupulousness the Senator does not mean refusal upon high public grounds to support improper candidates:

"I affirm that associations of men are absolutely essential to the carrying forward of some great work. Too many good men are overscrupulous about details of organization; they resolve political action into chaos. I do not pass upon the reasons for their differences. I affirm their right to do what they have done—their political and moral right. And if the facts are what they supposed, they were entirely right in it. Now we say, Come with us again; if we have not done right in all things and all places, help us to do right in the future, for our purpose is to do right."

If last year the Senator had said precisely this, he would not have seemed to give the weight of his character to the astounding doctrine that those who supposed the facts to be as they said ought, notwithstanding, to act as if they did not suppose them to be so. He admits now that such dissenters were entirely right in their action. Had he said so last year, he would have conceded that the Independent Republicans proved their Republican fidelity by their independence.

Independent Republicans are simply men of original Republican principles who refuse to support Republican desertion of those principles, and who vote so as to make their refusal as effective as possible. They are independent because they judge that desertion for themselves, and when the Republican party loses finally the patriotism, intelligence, courage, and inflexible constancy to principle from which such independence springs,

"No spring will e'er visit its mould'ring urn,
Or shine on the night of its grave."

EDMUND RANDOLPH.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ohio, referring to a recent article in the WEEKLY, reminds us that we omitted to state that although EDMUND RANDOLPH refused to sign the Constitution, he became an advocate of its adoption, and our correspondent thinks that except for RANDOLPH Virginia would have voted against it.

PERSONAL.

MR. AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND, son of an ex-Mayor of this city, has bought Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS's latest work, "Little Nell and her Grandfather," now on exhibition in Mr. KNOEDLER's gallery. The canvas is forty by fifty-three inches. Sir JOHN had long intended to paint these pathetic characters of DICKENS, and two years ago he began the picture. Recently, while in London, Mr. KINGSLAND learned that it was nearly completed, and after a visit to the artist's studio bought it, and had made arrangements for bringing it to this country before the London dealers knew of its existence. One of them offered him a thousand guineas for the copyright, but was refused. The cost of the picture, including the duty of thirty per cent., was about $15,000.

—A lady asked Mr. DION BOUCICAULT one day how it was that on the evening before, when he appeared as Conn, his mustache was wanting, though it was both black and brilliant when he did not act. "Madam," he replied, stroking it softly, "there is no mystery here. In making up as Conn, I simply soap it well and cover it with rouge."

—The Rev. Dr. McGLYNN, of St. Stephen's Church, is an accomplished musician, and his Gregorian choir of forty men and boys in surplices in the chancel, which sings in connection with his large chorus of sixty voices in the gallery over the entrance to the church, has been trained under his supervision. For twenty years he has been the pastor of a parish of twenty thousand persons, including the inmates of Bellevue Hospital. His name is now prominently mentioned for a vicar-generalship or a bishopric. His manner is magnetic in the extreme, he has rare executive capacity, and is one of the most eloquent lecturers on temperance that this country has heard.

—A Philadelphia photographer has taken seventeen historic portraits of WASHINGTON and amalgamated them into three "composite" photographs, which resemble one another much more closely than the originals do, and are claimed to be much nearer to life.

—Mr. LOUIS J. SWINBURNE notes that ROSSETTI's women are to be clearly separated from that which is often supposed to be conspicuously the pre-Raphaelite type—the pale, gaunt, angular type that has come to be popularly associated with the works of Mr. BURNE-JONES. With this they have absolutely nothing in common, and the later ideal of his art is the exact opposite. "The beauty of the human form was never revealed to the purely Gothic sculptor, and when we see the type in its meagreness of figure and sad wistfulness of countenance transferred from saints and martyrs to a group of naked young bathers, as in BURNE-JONES's picture of 'Cupid's Hunting Ground,' it leaves a singular impression of incongruity."

—The corporation of Harvard University consists of the President, the Treasurer, and five Fellows. Each member is elected by the corporation itself, and no member by the alumni.

—Mr. TENNYSON and the astronomer CHARLES PRITCHARD, while the guests of Mr. R. H. HUTTON one night in the autumn of 1868, were talking on speculative subjects. Mr. HUTTON suggested the founding of the Metaphysical Society, to discuss such topics with the freedom of scientists. He got Mr. GLADSTONE, Dean STANLEY, the Duke of Argyll, Archbishop MANNING, Professor HUXLEY, Professor TYNDALL, Mr. RUSKIN, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and about fifty others to join, including Mr. FROUDE, who said that if they hung together for twelve months it would be one of the most remarkable facts in history. They did hang together for twelve years, meeting once a month, and the society dissolved only because there seemed little to be said which had not already been repeated more than once.

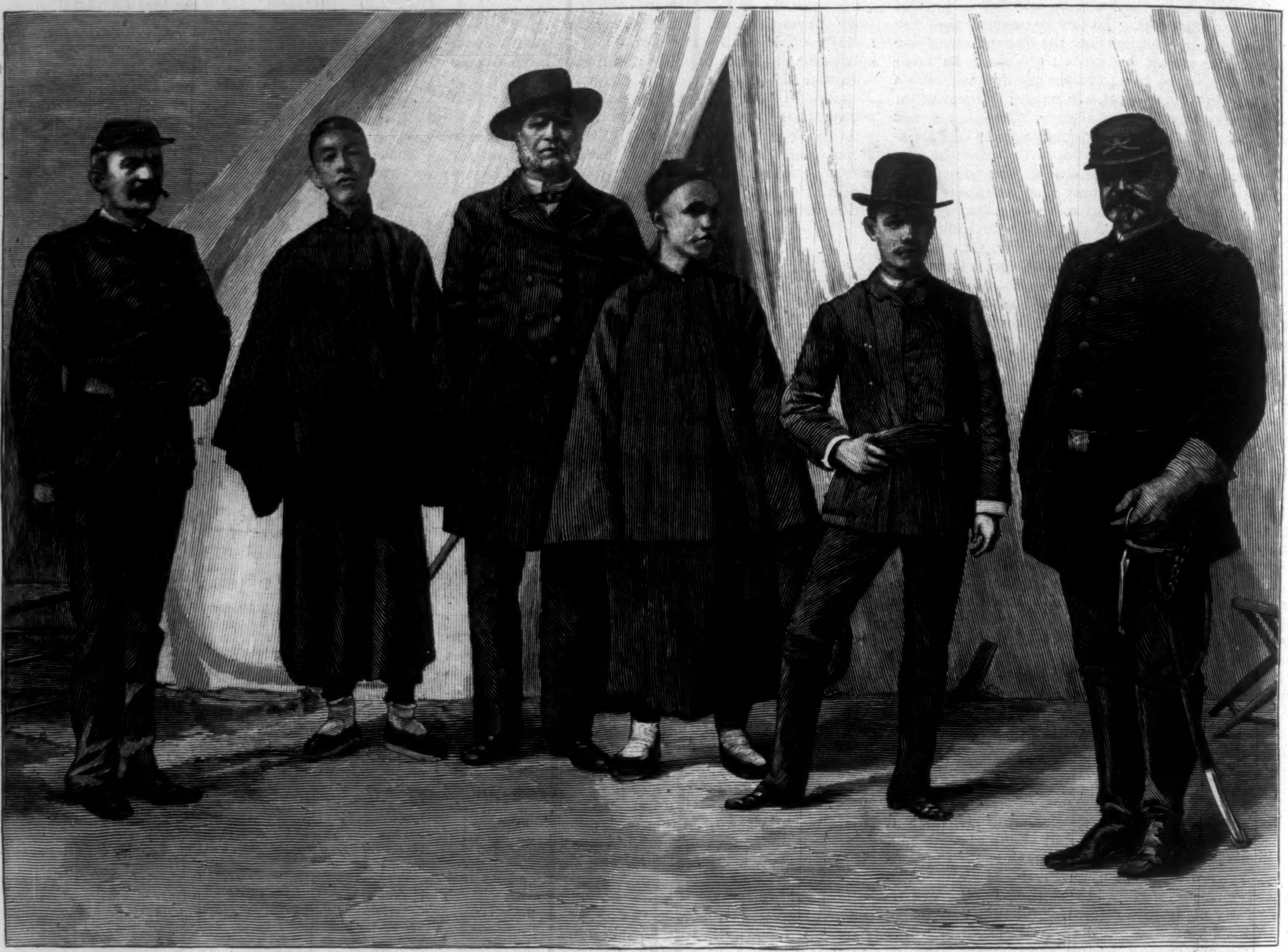
—The venerable M. DE LESSEPS, who considers himself half Spanish, was in the saddle at 3 A.M. recently, to meet Ex-Queen ISABELLA on her arrival at a railway station in Paris. One of his children is her godson.

—Ex-President ANDREW D. WHITE has been devoting a part of his leisure to a study of the growth of the true doctrine of comets. He shows how myriads of good men in the Christian church, down to a recent period, saw in the appearance of comets divine warnings to repentance; how in nearly every decade of years Europe was plunged into alarm by them; how SHAKESPEARE and MILTON and LUTHER recognized them as portents; how INCREASE MATHER called one of them "Heaven's alarm to the world"; and how Professor WINTHROP, of Harvard, in 1759, at last acknowledged the victory of science by saying in a lecture that "to be thrown into a panic whenever a comet appears betrays a weakness unbecoming a reasonable being."

—Madame NILSSON is expected to sing in concerts in London about the first of December, after visiting many Continental cities.

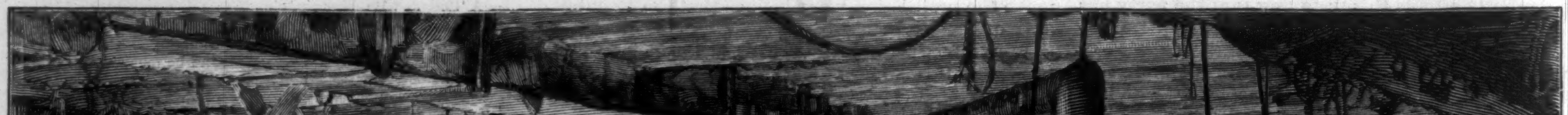
—"I do not think," says Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., "that hard work ever killed any one, and I doubt if it has ever injured many."

—The illustration of the Chinese massacre at Rock Springs given in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 26 was inadvertently credited to Lieutenant C. A. BOOTH, Seventh United States Infantry, who had very courteously placed at our disposal a number of photographs of a later scene in connection with the tragedy. The mistake by which his name was coupled with that of the artist who made the drawing was due to a hasty reading at the last moment of the memorandum furnished the editor by the Art Department.



Lieutenant Groesbeck. Tsang Hoy. Colonel Bee. Wong Sic Chen. General McCook.

THE CHINESE COMMISSION AT ROCK SPRINGS.—From Photographs by Lieutenant C. A. Booth, Seventh United States Infantry.—[See Page 677.]



A SAIL-LOFT DOWN IN MAINE.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 679.]

THE END OF PARTY SLAVERY.

PARTY SLAVE-DRIVER. "If we can't whip these Mugwumps into shape, *our occupation will be gone.*"

PAYING THE RECKONING.

THE Chinese government has named a commission to investigate the Rock Springs massacre of Chinese subjects, which was recently described in the WEEKLY. The commission consists of Mr. WONG SIC CHEN, Chinese Consul at New York, Colonel FRED. A. BEE, the Consul of China at San Francisco, and Mr. TSANG HOY, the interpreter to the Chinese Legation. These gentlemen are accompanied by two United States army officers, General A. McD. McCOOK and Lieutenant GROESBECK. Their duty will be to examine as to the nature and extent of the murders and other outrages committed upon the Chinese, the value of the property destroyed, the precautions taken by the government to prevent the outbreak, the measure of justice meted out to the offenders, and the protection since accorded to Chinese subjects.

They will find, so far as the public has any knowledge of the affair, that the assault on the Chinese was wanton and unprovoked; that they had given no excuse or occasion for it, having been peaceable, law-abiding, industrious, and respectable; that they even omitted to take any steps to defend their persons or their property, as they had a clear right to do, by force; that they were preparing to obey an arbitrary summons to leave the town within an hour when they were attacked; and that their treatment by the mob was in the last degree inhuman and worse than brutal. In addition to these facts they will learn that the administration of justice, under the direct authority of the United States government, has broken down at the very outset, the coroner's jury finding that the men murdered in broad daylight, in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, came to their death by being burned and shot by "persons unknown," and the Grand Jury having failed to find an indictment against the ringleaders of the mob.

A different question will arise when the Chinese government comes to present its claims for damages. Obviously the facts in the case will hardly be denied, and the precedents for heavy reclamations will not be far to seek. The United States government will have to resort to the plea which it has often rejected when made by governments of the Orient. It will have to aver that its people in Wyoming are in a state of semi-savagery; that they are liable to outbursts of violent passion springing from race prejudice; that they have been taught to believe that they, though the most ignorant and backward of people, judged by the standard of the Christian religion and modern civilization, are the chosen of the earth, to whom all outside barbarians are hateful and inferior, having no right to property or to personal security; and finally, that the system of government in active use in the United States does not furnish the means to repress or punish the violence of these irresponsible creatures. To such a plea as this it has been the custom of the United States government to reply with war ships. China will hardly do that; but if she did, it would puzzle the Navy Department to meet her on anything like equal terms.

MRS. BARING'S COUSIN.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

The day was intensely hot. Outside there was no breeze, but only that palpitation of the fiery atoms of light whose crawl and dazzle at once excite and fatigue the sense. Within, behind the closed blinds, there was at least darkness and shadow, though no more air than the motion of a fan could give. This, at least, Mrs. Baring was doing for herself, as she reclined upon a lounge and waved the peacock feathers languidly to and fro, sending out a blue or green eye with vivid distinctness as the rings of color caught a stray sunbeam. Finally she flung the fan down with a sigh.

"I do wish," she exclaimed, pettishly, "they would have that church moved! The way the sun dances on its brick back makes me positively ill."

Her cousin Ethel laughed. "It would be easier to move yourself, I should think. Why don't you take another room? The house isn't full yet."

"I know; and I would, only I want to be on this side, because it overlooks everything that's going on. And if I'm on this side, I might as well be in this room."

"Then it comes round to the inevitable," said Ethel, quietly.

Mrs. Baring gave a sort of groan. "I believe you're worse than the church, Ethel," she declared, "with your philosophy and your eternal self-improvement. Why don't you give it all up, and complain sometimes?"

"What good would it do?" answered Ethel. After a moment's hesitation she added, "I haven't been so situated as to be able to give it up."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Baring, impatiently. "I suppose people may feel the heat as much on nine hundred as nine thousand a year."

"But they won't show it, if they are wise. But neither do you show it, Louise, in appearance," she continued, with an admiring glance at the other.

Mrs. Baring accepted and accentuated the admiration, as she gave a satisfied look at herself in the bureau glass opposite. "No," she answered, with emphasis; "I am thankful to say that no one ever could tell the state of the weather from my complexion."

Hers was no vain boast. Even now, with the mercury high up among the nineties, this enviable woman, stretched on the softest seat the room afforded, her pale blue draperies flowing gracefully about her, her white neck and arms glimmering through the meshes of soft lace, betrayed none of that facial evidence of discomfort which is the ordinary human creature's protest against an abnormal temperature. Her beautifully smooth, fair skin wore just the delicate rose tint which is most becoming at all seasons, when one is fortunate enough to possess it at any.

Mrs. Baring adjusted the knot of ribbon on her breast, scattered her wandering waves of hair into still more picturesque confusion, and then sank back on the lounge and took up the fan again, evidently in better humor since looking upon her own fair reflection.

"As for Deeplake," she began again, abruptly, "I hardly think I shall care to make a very long stay here. The scenery is very fine, of course; but then it's all mountains, and one mountain is so like another, after all! And they're exceedingly apt to be warm—don't you think so? Well, at least Eugene will be here to-night; I *am* glad of that."

"Yes," said Ethel, as a pause seemed to demand some reply.

"How you say that 'yes,' with the very edge of your lips! I believe you have an antipathy."

"Oh no," responded Miss Cunningham, as inexpressively as before.

"Oh yes," mimicked Mrs. Baring. "It doesn't speak well for your taste, Miss Ethel, for I can assure you there is no one more sought after in society than Mr. Vanderhorn. But," she added, "perhaps he's an acquired taste, and you must be quite one of the set to appreciate its favorites."

There was a certain patronage in the tone and the little laugh which could scarcely fail to offend a sensitive ear. Miss Cunningham, however, only answered quietly, "Perhaps so," and stitched on at her art embroidery without lifting her eyes from its intricate pattern, still more perplexing by the dim light. Presently she excused herself on the plea that it was near the time of Mrs. Baring's siesta, adding that if the latter did not need her, she would herself lie down for a while. With which she went into her own chamber, and closed the door as if for sleep.

But it was not to sleep that she lay motionless for half an hour with wide-open eyes fixed on the opposite wall. She was reviewing her former and her actual life, the circumstances which had brought her into her present position, and the possibilities which might free her from it; for with all the strength of her nature she longed for freedom.

Up to eight months before, Ethel Cunningham had lived with her widowed mother in a country town, where their small means had been made to go the farthest possible. Mr. Cunningham had been wealthy, but on his death, half a dozen years ago, his affairs were found to be so involved that, instead of the fortune which was expected for his family, it was difficult to save from the wreck a mere subsistence for them. The combined troubles broke down Mrs. Cunningham's already delicate health, and she became a hopeless invalid. The expenses entailed by her condition, as well as the cost of her daughter's education, exceeded their slender income, and they were obliged to trench upon the capital, so that by the time of her mother's death almost nothing remained for Ethel.

The condition in which her daughter would be left had been a subject of constant anxiety with Mrs. Cunningham, and it was with the most intense thankfulness that she accepted a proposal made by Mrs. Baring. They were distantly related, and as a *demoiselle à marier* the pretty, vivacious Louise Winterfield had been a frequent attraction at Mrs. Cunningham's entertainments, although after the latter dropped out of society, Louise Baring, married and prosperous, had not remembered her existence. But one summer, happening to pass through the village where the Cunninghams lived, Mrs. Baring called at their cottage. Mrs. Cunningham was nearing the end, and in the anguish of the coming parting she spoke to this former friend, who revived so many old-time associations, with an unreserve which that worldly little lady would not otherwise have inspired. Mrs. Baring, though shallow and selfish, was not bad-hearted; and then her fancy was taken by Ethel's fragile grace, her large eyes, and interesting pallor. And since her husband's death Louise professed herself in need of some closer companionship than society afforded her; so she offered to take charge of Ethel. It was rather a vague offer, but such as it was, the mother welcomed it with grateful relief, and persuaded Ethel to regard it in the same light. And Ethel, although not much drawn toward Mrs. Baring, was pleased with anything which could make her mother's last hours easier.

Soon after came the end, and then, in the midst of her grief, the girl's entrance on an untried life; and then soon, very soon, she was forced to put aside her mother's illusions, and recognize the correctness of her own impressions about Mrs. Baring. It was not that Ethel suffered any species of ill usage at that lady's hands, but that daily and hourly she was made to feel her dependence on the charity of another; that her most cherished beliefs were ridiculed, her most sacred feelings slighted, and life made to seem a hollow show, without profit or dignity.

These were the reflections that passed before Ethel Cunningham's wide-open eyes during that solitary half-hour—these, and another, which the mention of a certain name had but now recalled, and which with quickened breath and changing color she vainly strove to put back from before that mental mirror. At last she rose impatiently as if for escape, and took up the books which were the constant companions of whatever leisure she could command. Mrs. Baring had gibed at her young cousin's "eternal self-improvement"; she did not guess that it was the means by which the girl hoped to liberate herself from a thralldom become intolerable to her. Ethel had been Mrs. Baring's companion for eight months. By the time the year was completed she counted on having qualified herself for some position in which she could live her own life, and secure that independence of which she had now only the mocking shadow.

That same evening, when she went down-stairs, Ethel saw Mrs. Baring on the piazza talking with Mr. Vanderhorn, who had just arrived. He was a relative of Mrs. Baring's former husband, and, report said, might have been her second choice had he so elected. As yet, however, gossip could detect no change in the old familiar relations between them. As Ethel paused, uncertain about joining them, she overheard a fragment of conversation behind her.

"How awfully pretty Mrs. Baring is looking to-night!" said a man's voice. "That pale blue dress suits her exactly, though one wouldn't think it, brunette as she is."

"Yes; and that is precisely why she wears blue so much," answered a feminine voice, a little cynically. "She means to make every one notice that, with her black hair and eyes, she has a complexion such as any blonde might envy. It is really dazzling! and all her own, too. *You* ought to admire her, Dr. Steindahl, as a specimen of human perfection."

"Not particularly," was the quiet answer, in a third voice, and one which Ethel knew. "I greatly prefer—some other styles." By the break in his reply, Ethel knew that he had perceived her. In another minute he was beside her, and offering his arm to take her to the piazza.

Dr. Steindahl was a man of about thirty-five, of German parentage, and a physician of considerable eminence. Before their third meeting, by that womanly instinct which, if not a sure guide, is at least a tolerable indication, Ethel knew that she might be his wife if she would. But would she? He was manly, appreciative, and intelligent, handsome enough to justify a romantic attachment, and—he could offer her a beautiful home. But if, notwithstanding, she could not care for him, would she not be exchanging one kind of bondage for another? She thought so, and continued in the course that was to give her independence.

Mrs. Baring did not like Dr. Steindahl. She call him Dr. Gell in private. Now, as he talked with her while Ethel and Eugene Vanderhorn renewed their acquaintance, she shivered slightly, and a sort of dullness came over her radiant complexion under his quiet eyes.

"You are cold, Mrs. Baring, in spite of the heat," he said, noticing the little shiver.

"Cold!" she protested, forcing a laugh; "no, of course not." And she shivered again.

"Let me get you a shawl, Louise," said Eugene Vanderhorn, turning his head.

"But I tell you I am not cold at all," she rejoined, impatiently. "Some one was walking over my grave, I suppose," she added, with a little nervous laugh. "Give me your arm, Eugene, and I will take a turn on the piazza."

And as they went off she confided to Vanderhorn that she hated Dr. Steindahl. "He has such an odious way of looking at one, as if you were going to die and he were timing you. I wish Ethel joy of him!" she concluded, in a pettish outburst.

"Is he supposed to form Miss Cunningham's joy?" asked her escort, pulling his mustache meditatively as he glanced over his shoulder at the pair left behind.

Dr. Steindahl, meanwhile, was mentally comparing the two women: Mrs. Baring, petite and rounded, striking both in coloring and effect; Ethel Cunningham, taller, slenderer, with less brilliancy and more delicacy. To him the unconsciousness of the girl's long-lashed gray eyes was more attractive than the coquettish play of glances which formed part of the older woman's fascinations. While he was thinking this, Ethel turned her head more fully toward him, and he was struck by the unusual whiteness of her face.

"You look pale this evening, Miss Cunningham. Do you too feel a mysterious chill?" he said, assuming a jesting tone.

She smiled faintly. "No; it is the heat. The day has been very oppressive."

"Let me fan you," he said. He took the fan from her passive hand, and began waving it back and forth in long, slow strokes that gave an even current of delicious freshness. Presently a more natural color came back to her face; she leaned her head against the high-backed chair, and her drooped eyes rested on the ground.

"Are you magnetizing Ethel, Dr. Steindahl?" said Mrs. Baring's voice over his shoulders, causing the girl to look up with a start. Dr. Steindahl laughed.

"No more magnetism than may lie in a fan," he said. "And I appeal to you if my prescription was not a good one? I was almost alarmed by her pallor just now."

There certainly seemed no cause for such alarm at present. Ethel's cheek had a color which almost rivalled Mrs. Baring's, as she glanced from one to the other of the group regarding her.

"If Dr. Steindahl has sufficiently toned up your system, Miss Cunningham," said Vanderhorn, lightly, "will you let me show you a view which I have just been pointing out to my cousin? We will take your fan with us, since that, it seems, is the magic wand."

Ethel, with perceptible hesitation, took his offered arm. Mrs. Baring looked after them with an incipient frown contracting her black eyebrows.

"She is jealous," thought Dr. Steindahl.

The frown increased as they did not return, and she presently proposed joining them. They were found leaning against the railing at the end of the piazza, half hidden by a long trail of woodbine that hung from the corner of the house. Vanderhorn was talking with an earnestness hardly explained by the glimpses of woodland shadow and moon-lit water below, at which, besides, he was not looking, as his eyes were fixed on his companion's face, while he spoke in low, quick tones. Her eyes were averted, and she had drawn half away from him.

"Ethel," said Mrs. Baring, abruptly, as she came up, "get me my peacock fan, please. I have broken this one."

The request might have passed, possibly, but not so the tone, which made it an order. Each gentleman took a step forward, with an "Allow *me!*"

But Mrs. Baring checked them by a gesture. "There is no need to trouble you," she said, languidly. "Ethel knows my belongings almost as well as my maid—a great deal better than I do, I'm sure."

There was a rather awkward pause, during which Mrs. Baring twirled the pearl sticks of her fan. It was really broken. Dr. Steindahl had seen the very moment when her angry fingers snapped it.

"Jealous and passionate," he said to himself. "It is insupportable that Miss Cunningham should be exposed longer to such outrageous treatment. I will certainly speak to her when she comes back. And here she is."

It was not, however, Ethel approaching, but Mrs. Baring's French maid Rosa, bringing the peacock fan. She brought also a message from Miss Cunningham. Mademoiselle desired her excuses to madame. Mademoiselle was not well, and, with madame's permission, would not return this evening. With which Rosa withdrew, after a deep reverence, and a sweeping glance which rested latest and longest on Dr. Steindahl.

It was not the first time he had received these masked looks from the girl, though it is doubtful if he had ever observed them. He was not a man to feel flattered by the admiration of the handsomest of waiting-maids. And Rosa Lavalle was very handsome indeed. She was a French creole, and possessed the magnificent eyes, the creamy complexion, and rich contours of her race. Out of those eyes, moreover, looked the smouldering passion of an untrained Southern nature, together with the latent cunning of her Gallic blood. But Dr. Steindahl had never chanced to catch the meaning of her peculiar glances, and this evening he scarcely noticed her at all in his disappointment about Ethel. Now, however, he resolved, without further loss of time, to speak on the morrow.

But on the morrow his purpose was again delayed. It was another day of intense heat, whose sultry oppressiveness did not encourage activity. Ethel kept her room all day, and in fact Dr. Steindahl did not see her until the evening hop was well in progress. He stood looking on at the dancers, when his wandering eye was caught by her face, visible for a moment among the spectators at one of the piazza windows. He joined her at once.

It shocked him to see how ill she was looking. Dark rings under her eyes told of tears or sleeplessness, and her face had a wan look, in pathetic contrast with its soft, youthful outlines.

"I have not seen you all day, Miss Cunningham," he said. "I am afraid the heat is wearing on you."

"Yes," answered Ethel, absently.

"They hold out hopes of a cooler day to-morrow," he continued.

"Yes," she answered again, in the same mechanical way. Then she added, abruptly, "I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away to-morrow!" repeated Dr. Steindahl, in dismay. "What—"

His words were interrupted by a sudden commotion in the ball-room. Through the open window they could see the dancers pause and gather about a group at one side. There were murmurs, exclamations, then calls for a doctor.

Dr. Steindahl hurried in, Ethel following. When he reached the spot the throng fell apart, disclosing Mrs. Baring's figure, half lying on the floor, half supported on her partner's arm, her face distorted and her hands clinched.

"It is not a fainting fit," he pronounced, putting aside the fans and vinaigrettes thrust eagerly forward. "She ought to be taken to her room at once."

With Eugene Vanderhorn's aid he raised the unconscious woman and carried her to her room on the floor above, where the maid was summoned and the curious excluded. But scarcely had she been laid upon her bed when a shudder passed through her rigid limbs, her hands unclinched, then clinched again, and with a gasp she drew her last breath.

Horror and consternation were on the faces of the three who witnessed this sudden ending; but Dr. Steindahl's face wore another look besides. After examining the dead woman's features with the utmost minuteness, he beckoned to Vanderhorn, and spoke a few words to him in a low tone, which Rosa Lavalle, however, caught, and echoed in a shriek:

"Poisoned! poisoned! *Mon Dieu!* And who, then?" Her eyes roved round the room, and fastened on Ethel's face with a sudden light. "Ah! ah! the quarrel this morning! Ah, yes, and the poisoner—"

"Silence!" said Dr. Steindahl, angrily. Then he added, looking at Ethel, whose eyes were dilated with a new horror: "Try to compose yourself, Miss Cunningham. I did not intend that you should hear this now; but since it has unfortunately come to your knowledge, perhaps it would be better for me to speak plainly. There are symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Be calm, I entreat you; do not give way. I may be wrong; but I fear there will have to be an investigation—"

"But why? why?" broke in the French maid's shrill voice again, "since I can tell you—I! There she is, *mademoiselle l'empoisonneuse.*"

Vanderhorn and Dr. Steindahl each made a step toward Rosa; then the older man caught the younger by the arm. "No, no," he said, quickly; "no violence: it would only injure our cause. We must sift this quietly."

Ethel had sunk speechless into a chair. Dr. Steindahl took her hand and spoke some reassuring words. Then, turning to Rosa, he said, with stern authority: "Now say whatever you have to say as briefly as possible. What do you mean by the charge you have dared to bring against Miss Cunningham?"

In answer Rosa poured forth a voluble story of the quarrel that morning between her mistress and Miss Cunningham. Mrs. Baring had accused her young cousin of treachery and ingratitude, and after a violent scene had declared that Ethel wished for her death, and would kill her if she could in order to compass her own object.

"What was the object?" questioned Dr. Steindahl, coldly.

"To marry M. Vanderhorn," answered Rosa. "Madame said that mademoiselle was in love with him, and had a design to entrap him."

As the words reached his unprepared ears, Eugene Vanderhorn, forgetful of everything else, made one impulsive movement toward Ethel. Then, seeming to realize that in this crisis he might thus compromise her more deeply, he checked himself, and stood gazing at her face, which, bowed upon her hands, showed a burning blush instead of the ghastly pallor of a moment before.

Dr. Steindahl looked from one to the other, and for an instant a great temptation entered his heart. He knew that his course to-night was the decisive one, and that this fact placed Ethel very much in his power. He loved her with all his hitherto unawakened strength, and though he knew that she did not love him, he had believed ever since the evening before, when he had "magnetized" her, that his nature might gain such an ascendency over her as to bring her, with time and opportunity, to reciprocate his feelings. Here was the opportunity. To retain his hold over her now was to force her to lean upon him for support, while to let her go was to give her up, almost certainly, to this other man who loved her, and whom she at present loved. Dr. Steindahl strove with all his might against the temptation to temporize; but in hardly more than a breathing-space the struggle was decided in the only way possible to a man like him. He turned his face resolutely away, a little more set, perhaps, than usual, and in so doing caught a look from Rosa Lavalle which diverted the current of his thoughts.

The storm which had been threatening all day was now drawing near. Across the dimly lighted chamber darted occasional blue gleams, and a mutter of thunder could be heard from time to time in the distance. Dr. Steindahl remembered having heard that this creole girl was an abject coward concerning thunder-storms. He turned to her suddenly, and pointed to the sky, which through the open window showed leaden and lurid. "Kneel down," he said, solemnly, "beside this death-bed, and call upon those angry heavens to strike you dead if you have not spoken truly. Down on your knees, and swear!"

As it chanced, his words were followed by one single simultaneous blaze and crash that seemed to cleave heaven and earth. Shaking with fear, Rosa dropped on her knees, not to confirm her charge by an oath, but to confess that it was a perversion of the truth. It was true that the quarrel had taken place that morning just as she had described it; it was also true that she believed Mrs. Baring to have died from poison; but the deduction from these two facts was a deliberate invention of her own. Further questioning led

her to reveal that her mistress was accustomed to take arsenic daily for the improvement of her complexion—a habit which, it appeared, was one of years. Rosa then showed Dr. Steindahl the little bottle lying concealed in a locked drawer of her mistress's dressing-case. Ethel Cunningham, roused somewhat from the utter prostration into which she had been stunned by the shock of the creole's charge, shuddered as she looked at the scent bottles, the powder boxes, and the like fashionable frivolities, side by side with that innocent-seeming, deadly vial, in its silver and crystal fittings, from which the poor victim of her own vanity had taken that last fatal dose. She forgot all the past wrong and bitterness—forgot everything save that she had been the companion of the dead woman lying so helpless there, and that she had been accused of bringing her to her death.

"Oh, Dr. Steindahl," she sobbed, "this is too horrible! And to think that it could be said that *I*—"

"My dear Miss Cunningham," said Dr. Steindahl, soothingly, "don't think any more about that. That is all over. Your name need not be brought in again. I will attend to all necessary formalities without troubling you."

Then he turned from Ethel to Rosa, who stood before him sullenly, with clasped hands and eyes fixed on the floor.

"And knowing all this," he said, slowly, "all that you have just told me, you could find it in your heart to deliberately fasten the suspicion of murder on an innocent person—a suspicion which, setting aside any worse consequences, would cling to her whole life? You could do this—you, a young, inexperienced girl?"

Rosa still stood stubbornly silent.

"What could be your motive?" pursued Dr. Steindahl.

Her eyes flew up to his face then. "Because," she stammered, in a voice trembling with passion, "you watch her—you follow her. *Ciel! que je la déteste!*" The last words were slowly hissed out with a lingering venom.

Dr. Steindahl looked at her steadily until her flashing eyes fell. Then he crossed the floor and opened the door of the next room, saying, with icy authority, as he signed to her to enter: "Go in there, and remain until you are called. You will be wanted to give evidence later."

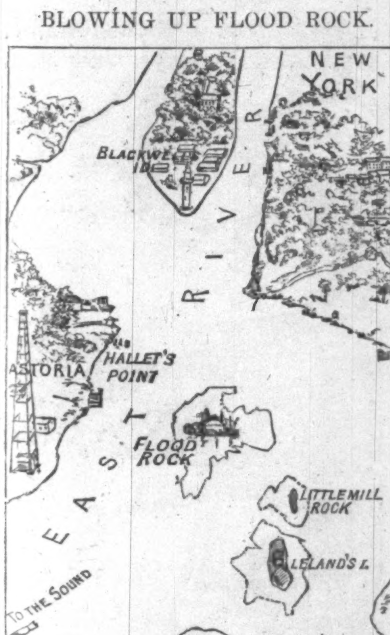
Without a word she obeyed the gesture. He passed through the room, locked the door communicating with the passage, and taking the key, returned to the other room, shutting the door upon her.

Not a word had been spoken between the two left together there, yet there was something in the look and attitude of both which told everything to Dr. Steindahl's sharpened eyes. He gave a quick, impatient sigh, as quickly suppressed. "I have my profession still," he said, rather drearily, to himself. Then he came forward to where Vanderhorn stood.

"Miss Cunningham must be worn out with all this," he said. "Will you take her to Mrs. Lorimer?"—naming a lady who had shown repeated kindness to Ethel—"and I will send her something to quiet her nerves. There is nothing more for either of you to do here"—glancing around the dim chamber. "The rest is my part."

Vanderhorn obeyed the suggestion, and took Ethel away, still half stunned by the events of the night. They went out into a freer atmosphere, leaving Dr. Steindahl standing for a moment alone with death, before the entrance of those who had been summoned to play their parts in the final scene of the tragedy just enacted.

BLOWING UP FLOOD ROCK.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HELL GATE FROM WARD'S ISLAND.

At fourteen minutes past eleven o'clock last Saturday morning Miss MARY NEWTON, General JOHN NEWTON's twelve-year-old daughter, touched an electric button, and caused the greatest single discharge of explosive material that has ever been produced by human agency. It was the culmination of nine years' unremitting and scientifically directed labor beneath the waters of Hell Gate, and the finishing touch was given by the hand of the same young lady whose baby fingers, nine years ago, sent a similar electric thrill beneath the same waters into the mine at Hallet's Point.

The final preparations within the mine had been completed the day before, and all night two immense siphons had been flooding it with river water. All night the work of removing whatever material could be taken away from the artificial island above Flood Rock had progressed without intermission, and it was continued to within a few minutes of the explosion. From early morning throngs of people had stationed themselves at various advantageous points of view on both banks of the river along half a mile of its length, and by eleven o'clock the eyes of 50,000 spectators were focussed on the doomed island. From high banks, house-tops, fences, steamers, and ice barges a hundred cameras were directed toward the same point, and as many anxious photographers impatiently awaited the great event. On land several hundred policemen and as many troops from Willet's Point awed the would-be spectators with clubs and fixed bayonets. Under pretext of keeping them at a safe distance and out of harm's way these guards prevented as many persons as possible from seeing anything that was going on, and secured all the most eligible places for themselves.

During this same time the sparkling waters of the river were gradually covered with craft of every description, from steam-yachts and big excursion steamers down to skiffs and canoes, all crowded with sight-seers to the limits of their capacity. These were kept at a safe distance, or beyond the thousand-foot line, by a number of steam-launches from the Navy-yard, that bore red flags and performed most excellent service. At ten o'clock all commercial navigation through Hell Gate was stopped, and after that time only the swift-moving launches darted over its waters.

All of the machinery and most of the buildings had been removed from Flood Rock, but it was still occupied by three prominent objects—a great wooden water tank at its upper end, the black frame-work of massive timbers that rose thirty feet above the mouth of the shaft in the middle of the island, and had supported the hoisting apparatus, and a good-sized shanty at the lower end. From a flag-staff above the tall frame-work of timbers floated an American flag. It was popularly supposed that this structure would be shot high into the air, and that the flag would be left to wave on the very uppermost crest of the vast upheaval; and there was a general murmur of regret among the spectators when, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, it was hauled down and carried away.

Until within five minutes of the explosion half a dozen men were to be seen running to and fro on the island; but at length the government tug *General A. A. Humphreys* ran alongside its little pier for the last time, and the men were taken aboard. The last to leave was Lieutenant GEORGE McCLELLAN DERBY, who, under General NEWTON, has superintended the entire work, and whose labor of years was now to be crowned with success, or to result in failure.

With three blasts of her whistle as a parting salute, the *Humphreys* dropped down the river to a point on the Astoria side just above the ferry slip, where the firing battery was stationed. Then ensued two minutes of the most intense suspense. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the wonderful spectacle. Fifty thousand faces were turned in the same direction, and fifty thousand hearts beat quick with excitement. An almost death-like silence settled over the whole scene, hardly a voice was heard among all the vast throngs of people, and the ripple of the little waves that danced merrily beside the wharves and boats was distinctly audible.

Then it came. A muffled roar, as of distant thunder, mingled with which was the crash of rending timbers, and a terrible vibrating jar that, while not sharp nor intense, was as thrilling as that of an earthquake. At the same instant nine acres of the river's surface was lifted high into the air, a mass of foam, white as the driven snow. The broadside view of the upheaval was that of a long, glistening iceberg, broken into a thousand fantastic shapes, and surmounted by innumerable sharp points or spires of irregular height. The greatest elevation attained by any one of these cones was over the mouth of the shaft in Flood Rock. Here the water was thrown very nearly as high as the tower of the electric light on Hallet's Point, or about one hundred and fifty feet. To the great disappointment of most of the spectators, there were no flying rocks or timbers to be seen, and the effect of the upheaved water was but little more impressive than that produced by the explosion at Hallet's Point in 1876. As the glistening masses fell, they were surcharged with a great volume of yellow sulphurous smoke, that hung over the scene for a moment, and then drifted away over Long Island.

The effect upon the island and its several structures was not at all what had been expected. Much of the island still remained above-water, though but little raised from its surface. The great wooden tank was somewhat shattered, but still stood much as it had before the explosion. The tall timber frame-work lay prostrate, but still above-water. The shed at the lower end of the island had been blown in pieces, and these were now drifting down with the tide.

The huge wave which had been prophesied to follow the upheaval failed to put in an appearance, though several of moderate size washed up over the low Astoria shore, and sullenly ground together a few floating boat-houses, bath-houses, and rafts on the New York side.

The moment the great explosion was found to be harmless to everything except the reef at the bottom of the river, the suppressed feelings of the vast concourse of spectators found vent in cheers and the shrill blowing of steam-whistles. In a moment hundreds of row-boats and the smaller steam craft were hurrying toward the ruins on Flood Rock, and almost before they were freed from their yellow smoke clouds they were covered with swarming men and boys gathering relics, fire-wood, and dead fish, hundreds of which had been killed.

Immediately after the explosion the government steamer *John Rodgers* began to take soundings above the reef, and the various excursion steamers began to cross it in all directions, as though trying to see if by any chance they could run aground. None of them did, nobody was hurt, and the whole affair from beginning to end was conducted in the most orderly and satisfactory manner.

Within half an hour after Miss MARY NEWTON touched the electric button, Lieutenant DERBY was found directing the movements of the dredging scows, which were set to work immediately to pick up and clear away the vast quantity of débris, in the shape of broken rock, that he has deposited at the bottom of the river. This material will be taken down to the great 100-foot hole at the head of Blackwell's Island and there dumped overboard. It is expected that the dredging process will be continued for about three years.

KIRK MUNROE.

IN A SAIL-LOFT.

A SAIL-MAKER'S loft, no matter in what part of the world it may happen to be situated, is sure to be a picturesque place. Somebody has remarked that similarity of occupation seems sometimes to develop among men of different peoples a likeness which is strong enough to overcome the usual national characteristics. For instance, it has been often noted by travellers that the faces of peasants in Germany are strikingly like the faces of peasants in Ireland, and that the same sort of faces is to be met with in the fields of France. Long tilling of the soil seems to have put the same lines and the same expressions into faces, no matter what the language of the tongue. Similarly, sailor men to a great extent resemble one another. The same faces are seen along the English coast, the French coast, the Dutch, North German, and Scandinavian coasts, and the coasts that are beaten by the ocean hereabouts; and very nearly allied and often identical with the sailor man is the sail-maker. The loft that is pictured on page 676 is a famous loft in Portland, Maine. The heads and faces might be English as well as Yankee, but beyond peradventure they are faces that in their impressioning have known the influence of the sea. The furniture of the sail-loft is unvarying. It is subject to no whims, and is the same in Liverpool, Maine, and South Street. The sail-loft is one of the few restful and constant places amid the world's distracting rush and change.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE time is drawing near when old people who say that they have shaken hands with George Washington will no more be believed than the aged Virginia colored women who still occasionally declare that they were Washington's nurse. But that is no matter. These picturesque and harmless delusions of the aged carry their own joy, and do not depend for their success upon the credence of anybody. It is said that there are only two persons just now who have shaken Washington's hand, but there may be more to-morrow, or any day.

A scheme is afloat to convert Paris into a seaport. It is not contemplated to move Paris down to the sea, but to bring the sea up to Paris by means of a canal cut from Boulogne. "It seems, however," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "that merchandise will occupy almost as many days in canal transit from Boulogne to Paris as an express train occupies hours. This appears to be a serious drawback. It would no doubt be delightful to have a city of pleasure improved into a bustling commercial centre, but we fear the expectations of the Parisians in this matter will not be fulfilled. It is not the presence of water only that makes a great port. London and Antwerp are each about sixty miles from the sea; Paris is nearly four times as distant.

Not many things are made in Connecticut which are not useful. It was thought for a long time that the old Farmington Canal was an exception; but report comes that an aged farmer, who died recently, made twenty per cent. yearly on the stock which he owned in it during many years. After waiting for several years for a dividend in vain, he complained to the president of the company, who jokingly told him to mow the tow-path. The farmer mowed as directed, and the hay which he cut was his dividend, worth twenty per cent. on his investment.

A statue to Longfellow in Portland, Maine, is to cost $20,000, and $7000 has been subscribed. A design by Franklin Simmons has been accepted.

Successful dentistry upon an elephant has been performed in Paris. The elephant had an ulcer at the root of his left tusk. In the human subject thus afflicted the tooth is generally drawn, but it was not considered advisable to draw the tusk of the elephant. The ulcer was cut out by a dentist, assisted by twenty men. During the operation the beast was perfectly quiet, but he raged for some hours after the surgery was completed. Before the operation he could not eat, but he ate greedily afterward in the intervals of his rage.

Workmen digging at Little Hulton, England, have discovered what is believed to be a Roman road in good preservation. The road was six feet under the ground. Ancient horseshoes and coins were found by the workmen at the same time. It is supposed, says the London *Standard*, that the road led from Manchester to the north, probably to Lancaster.

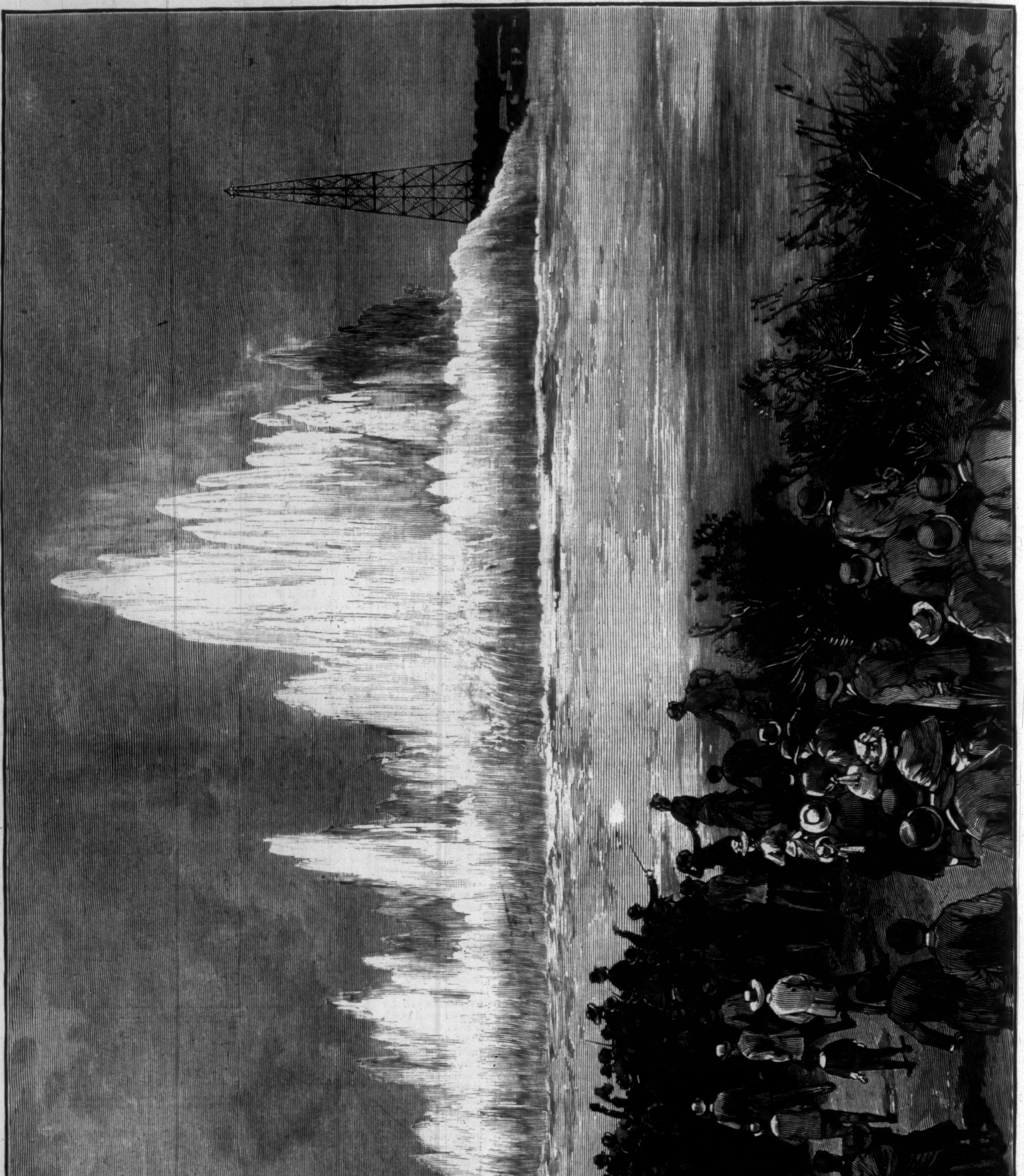
The State University of Missouri has 302 students this term. Last year it had 348, and the year before 391.

A woman's club in Chicago has opened a school for the proper training of domestics. Classes are held in the evening, and all branches of household work are taught. The club will also have an intelligence office, in which the right to ask questions will rest almost wholly with the persons wishing to employ.

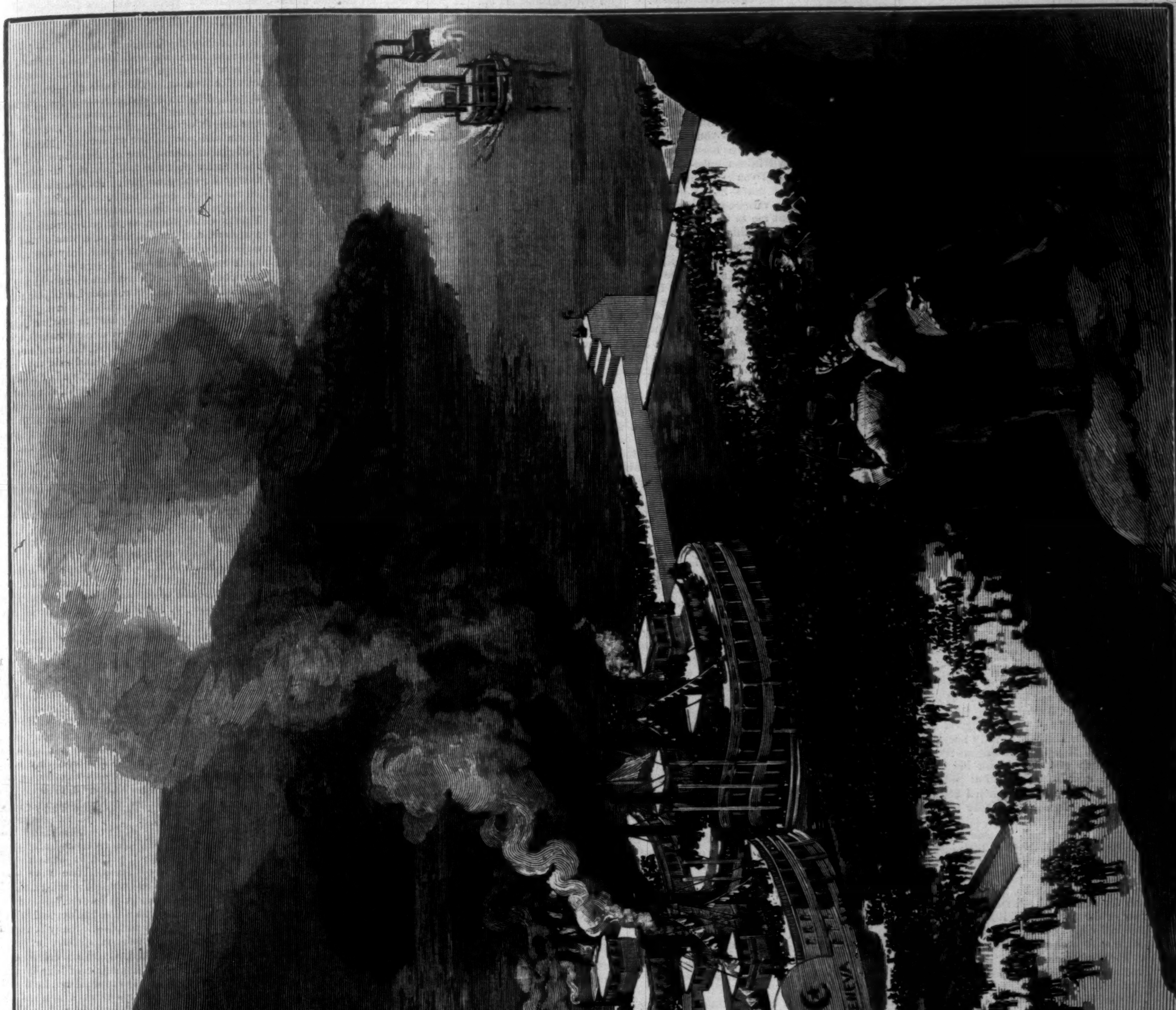
A curious pastime or exercise for British military officers to engage in is noted in the London *World* of a recent date as having been "introduced into the athletic sports of the Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders last week at Devonport. It consisted of a fire-engine tournament between officers' teams of the Highlanders and the Sixtieth Rifles, joint occupants of the Raglan Barracks. Engines filled with water were placed at the far end of the parade. At the signal the teams buckled to and ran their engines to the other end—about a quarter of a mile. Each hose was connected, and the teams pumped the water on each other. The Highlanders were declared winners by the umpire, General Lyons, their engine being emptied the soonest. The commanding officers of both regiments took part in the contest, manning the pumps. Each man was drenched to the skin before it was finished."

Such a pastime would have been welcome, if the water was cool, at Suakin and Massowah last summer, judging from the reports that reach London of the misery of the English and Italian troops posted there. A private letter printed in the *British Medical Journal* says: "We called in at Massowah, and had to anchor for the night, and a more frightful, horrible night I never spent; not a breath of air, and the thermometer 122° Fahrenheit. This is no exaggeration; we were panting about the deck; the heat seemed to choke you; sleep was out of the question. Some negroes seemed to feel the heat more than Europeans, and were groaning fearfully, and pouring buckets of water over their heads, which, however, was of very little use, as the water was between 95° and 100° Fahrenheit. Five Italian officers have committed suicide, and no wonder. Aden, after Suakin and Massowah, is a perfect paradise."

MAKE HIM A *MAN-OF-WAR*.



THE LAST OF FLOOD ROCK—SCENE OF THE HELL GATE EXPLOSION, VIEWED FROM EIGHTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 679.]



OPENING OF THE DAVIS ISLAND DAM, NEAR PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from Photographs by B. L. H. Dabbs.—[See Page 683.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

A YOUNG MAN'S CONFIDENCES.

MRS. BRINDLE saw herself mistress of the field, but she would not give way to undue elation. She knew that the campaign was not nearly ended yet, and that unless she acted a very wary part indeed, Millison would slip through her fingers after all.

The excellent woman, although a Methodist, possessed a catholicity of spirit really wonderful in any one brought up on Bunyan and Baxter; like all of us, however, she felt bound to draw the line somewhere, and her line was drawn at the kissing of the Pope's toe.

That a clergyman's offspring, the son of a dignitary of the Church, should so far retrograde from the faith of his fathers as to become a priest, seemed to her simple mind little short of Sodom and Gomorrah; hinder Millison Methold from Sodom and Gomorrah she would, if her name was Ann Brindle. This was how she put the matter to herself.

So long as she had the key of his room in her pocket, matters were easy enough; but when Millison was well enough to keep his own key, what then? Ann Brindle, like the cat in La Fontaine's fable, knew of a single device only, but that was a good one. Her adversaries, like the fox, possessed many. It remained to be seen whether cat or fox would win the game.

The interview over, Ann returned to her patient, knitting in hand.

"Is Camma come back yet?" asked Millison, who was improving wonderfully under Ann's care. The poor youth had made the stealthy start for Rome after months of mental and bodily strain. No wonder that so slight an affair as a fall from a horse and a contusion had brought on delirium! In fact, he had just escaped brain-fever.

"Will she ever come back? I begin to ask that," said Ann, testily. "I've no confidence in these French folks myself, with their bowings and scrapings, their image-worship and fried garlic."

Millison laughed. "I should like to see Camma as soon as she returns," he said.

"That you shall, dear, and welcome."

"And, when I am once off to Rome, I do not suppose I shall ever see her again. It all seems like a dream to me, Ann."

"There are plenty of places as good as Rome in the world, Mr. Millison. Why not go somewhere else with Miss Camma and me?"

The young man smiled, shook his head, and then pondered. "Ann," he said at last, "I want to say something to you, and when I am a priest, or if I happen to die soon, you may tell Camma, not before."

"And what if you don't become a priest, and don't die soon?" Ann asked. "We must be prepared for the worst as well as the best in this world."

Again Millison laughed. "I wish I could have you with me in Rome, I am sure, Ann," he said; "no fear of dullness then. But, you see, when I once begin to study for the priesthood, I shall have done with women and women's society, except in the confessional."

"Pretty society that for a young gentleman of your age!" cried Ann. "Now, Mr. Millison, don't you blush at the very thought of it? As if you would ever be good enough to confess a woman!"

The young man eyed Ann curiously, even painfully. "How do you know whether I am good or no?" he asked.

"Oh! no need to go into particulars when we get a-talking about men," Mrs. Brindle replied. "Bad is the best of 'em, as I know to my cost."

"I don't think you are far wrong there, Ann, and, in fact, that was exactly what I wanted to talk about." The young man's pale, handsome face flushed as he continued: "I wanted to tell you, and you to tell Camma, some day the real reason that made me turn to Romanism and the priesthood."

"Lord, Mr. Millison, tell Miss Camma yourself. When did two cooks make exactly the same pudding, and when did two people tell exactly the same story? We must allow for the difference in the tongue as well as the hand."

"There are things I could say to you I could not say to Camma," Millison answered, "and things Camma might hear from you she must not hear from me. You can understand that."

"Out with 'em all, then!" cried Ann. "Purge the mind as well as the body, I say, if you want to make a good job of healing a man."

Millison paused, and gradually tears came into those dark, handsome eyes of his, which Ann did not or would not see. She knitted away as if her very life depended upon the expeditious finishing of that especial stocking heel, and let him go on with his confidences when he would.

Soon the cloud of sadness passed, and he became keenly introspective and confidential. "Strange," he mused, "how friendless, how alone in the world, we both are, Camma and I! I never could make a friend of my father. He does not understand my character in the very least."

"As to that, did ever one poor soul of Adam see through that brick wall called his brother?" cried Ann. "One and all, we know as little about each other as blind kittens know of mice."

"My father has always blamed me for not being what he wished me to be. How can we help the temperament we inherit?" continued the young philosopher. "To please and satisfy him would have been to do away with every natural wish and impulse—remake myself altogether. And without growing a whit the wiser or better. Why did he try to force me into the Church against my will, when I wanted to lead a wild, roving life?"

"Oh, Mr. Millison, and you a clergyman's son!"

The young man smiled caustically. "You are just like the rest, Ann. Well, between you all, you have begun by making me a sinner; whether I succeed in making myself a saint, remains to be seen."

"Humph! there are more ways than one of doing that," said Ann. "And those who live by the business are not always the best."

"Come, now, Ann. You know there are some people who can not be saints at all unless they make a business of it, as you call it. Would you have preferred to see me enter the Salvation Army?" asked Millison, good-natured but sarcastic. "I must tell you something—for you to repeat to Camma years hence. My father would not let me be a ranchman, or anything I wanted to be. He sent me to Cambridge to study theology, when the only thing I craved was fresh air and adventure. I would have gone to sea or entered the army with right good will. But I might not do as I liked. And so—and so—" He turned his face away, and added, "I betook myself to what they call pleasure." Here he laughed a strange, scornful laugh. "I suppose you know what that means, Ann; and Camma will understand too, when she is older. I want her to know how it came about that the priests got hold of me. Pleasure, as they call it, did not suit my palate at all."

"Thank God for that!" fervently ejaculated Mrs. Brindle. "There's always hopes, I say, for those who know black from white, and wish to act according."

"I felt as if I were poisoned, and wanted to get rid of the poison." The young man half buried his face in the pillows, and continued his story in a crushed voice. "What is more, Ann, I got into a horrible scrape. You have not lived all these years for nothing. You must know that there are women as awful as Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea. The priests came to my rescue, and, thanks to them, I am a free man—free in body, soul, conscience! There you have the truth in a nutshell. To turn Romanist seemed a small price to pay for such a deliverance."

"Mr. Millison," said Ann, in her old blunt way, though the good woman's whole being throbbed with emotion, "there be licensed doctors and quacks, and the best remedies are often those we can get for nothing. Swallow a ha'porth of good sense, trust in your Maker, my dear, and let the Pope go."

Millison listened smilingly, affectionately, yet without the slightest approval, or acquiescence, or willingness to be convinced. He seemed all the while hearkening to an inner voice, and the fixed purpose written on his face was almost phenomenal in one so young and in many respects evidently so volatile.

"You do not understand me any better than the others, and it is not likely you should," he replied. "Of course plenty of people can keep themselves straight of their own accord, as some boys at school can always contrive to avoid a flogging. If I did wrong at Eton and got off without the birch, I felt ready to hang myself. Now I may make myself happy, for I have put my conscience into the hands of those who know how to take good care of it."

"So they pretend," cries Ann; "but, Lord love you, Mr. Millison, who can answer for them? They are but sinful creatures, begotten and born like you and me."

Still Millison heard without listening. "Had I only been after the pattern of my cousin Aubrey," he mused, "Camma would have married me. I should have got preferment. We might have been as happy as the day is long. Do you think Camma will marry Aubrey?"

"No more than she will marry you when you are a papist priest a-worshipping dumb images. Miss Camma is like you, Mr. Millison—too much church-going has made her a little wild."

"Well, I mustn't trouble my head about Camma now," replied the young man, smiling at the notion of Camma's wildness. "I am going to be a priest; you know that, I suppose, Ann?"

"I ought to," Ann replied, testily; "you have told me twenty times. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and nothing is sure in this world but that fools will brag."

"I wonder how I shall like my new life and my new self?" Millison went on, thinking aloud. "There will be a good deal of a certain kind of excitement about it at first. I shall be every day studying human nature in my own person, dissecting human passions, myself being the subject; that will surely be strange, too."

"You have left out the strangest part of it all," Ann said, with a knowing smile.

"And what is that?"

Quoth Ann, as she knitted away: "That a young gentleman of good parts, like yourself, should believe all these image-worshippers tell you. As if it were a sin to be as God Almighty made us! As if it were not more Christian-like to become a good husband and father, and so fulfill the law and the prophets, than sneak behind the confessional and set yourself up for a twopenny-halfpenny saint! Saints there be none nowadays, Mr. Millison, and that you must know full well."

"A priest may fulfill his duty without setting himself up for a twopenny-halfpenny saint, as you call it, at all," Millison said, in a tone of mild rebuke.

Out came Ann's reply, and hit the mark like a shot: "What he pleases to call his duty, Mr. Millison. That makes all the difference. But you will never be a priest, nor anything else, unless you keep quiet and do as the doctors bid you," interposed Ann. "You'll just waste away like a windlestraw, and we shall have to leave your bones amongst this heathen people."

"You won't forget what I said. You will tell Camma all that I have just told you some day," he said, patiently, in a feeble voice.

"Make your mind easy. I'll tell her that, and as much more as I can put to it that fits."

"And let me see her as soon as I can be dressed and sit up. A priest first, and Camma afterward."

"Miss Camma first," retorted Ann. "Ladies before gentlemen, be they popes or sultans."

"I promise now to lie squat as a mouse if you will only talk amusingly to me. Talk of Suffolk. I would sooner hear you talk, Ann, than listen to a book."

"And that's a small matter for wonder either," cries Ann. "Are books written without human hands and skulls, that we should always set such store by them? Did paper and ink teach ducks how to swim, and hens how to look for chalk? No, Mr. Millison, none of your book-learning for me. Thank God, my wits have taught me not to go on all fours, to know an empty-pate when I see him, and sniff the father of lies half a mile off. And I didn't learn from a book how to turn out a batch of bread light as thistle-down, to pickle hams in spice and harvest beer, and give 'em a flavor of this, that, and t'other, of both and neither. Ah, nobody knows the taste of a ham out of Suffolk, and only here and there nowadays, when even pigs are made by machinery. Now I'll tell you, Mr. Millison, how to make a ham. First you scour the country round for some old harvest beer, such as a man could get quickest drunk upon. Then you borrow half a dozen pestles and mortars, and get the neighbors together, and what with talking or that, a few pounds of spice are pounded fine as sea-sand in no time. The bay-salt is the hardest to deal with; 'tis like the old Adam in us all. But you get your fire hot and your beer on the boil, and pound, and pound, and pound—"

But before worthy Mrs. Brindle had finished pounding her spice, Millison's eyes closed, and by the time the ham was consigned to its destination, he dozed quietly. Whenever he showed any inclination to wake up, Ann resumed the thread of her discourse, till she had gone into the minutest detail respecting every dainty for which Suffolk is famous.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE OR MONEY?

TRUE enough, as worthy Ann Brindle expressed it, nothing is really certain in this world but that fools will brag. The irony of human life nowhere comes out more strongly than when we are reminded of the pleasing uncertainty interwoven with every circumstance, trivial or important. That a coffin is made for one man is no sort of reason why the bones of his next-door neighbor may not repose in it. The one recovers from his syncope, and the other falls down dead of apoplexy. A wedding ring is purchased for a young bride's finger, and, after all, graces that of her grandmother. A traveller starts for Jerusalem, and, by some strange concatenation of events, finds himself at St. Petersburg instead. The stark beggar inherits millions, and the heir of a princedom dies on a work-house pallet. The calf fatted for the paragon feasted the prodigal; and no housewife when she pops her pudding in the pot can feel at all sure that the Pope, not her good man, will not partake thereof. These extraordinary contradictions in the world of action are more than matched in the world immaterial. There is no guarantee that the adorer of female loveliness may not mate himself with the plainest woman in the kingdom. The dynamitard to-day may turn evangelical curate to-morrow. The most prosaic stock-broker on the 'Change is in secret composing a romantic epic in twelve cantos. The favorite recreation of a philosopher wise as Newton is the dancing lesson. Two reputed saints are both discovered to be arrant rogues; and the love tale framed for one woman's hearing is poured passionately into the ear of another.

The following chapter, and many another in the story of Camma Joye and Millison Methold, will be found illustrative of such a text.

On the third morning of Camma's stay at Velours, Jeannie Hervé came to her with an expostulatory face.

"We can not spare you till to-morrow," she said. "Write yet another line to your nurse. This is one of the gala days of our year, when we all make holiday among the vines." She added, in an under-tone: "Our annual picnic is anticipated this year; you can surmise the reason. This Juliette we are so much interested in will be here, and who knows? If all goes well by this time to-morrow, she may be betrothed to Eugène, and his future assured. It is grandmamma, of course, who will take the initiative, according to French usages."

Camma thought of Aubrey's words, "The flippant, flippant people," as with all a girl's love of bustle and animation she entered into the day's business. There was very little difference between this holiday-making out-of-doors and an English picnic, except that the sun could be counted on, also an inexhaustible supply of that natural, easy abandonment, as superior to mere high spirits as are certain still wines of matchlessly delicate flavor to champagne. But doubtless Aubrey would have found the text of a moral discourse on flippancy everywhere. Surely it was flippant to be at the trouble of roasting a quail in vine leaf! And the gayety and *entrain* of the guests—was there aught but flippancy here?

What astonished Camma most of all was the extraordinary number of kinsfolk assembled. As she was introduced to one group of guests after another, she found herself in the midst of a clan, all of whom, moreover, had their country houses within bow-shot of one another. When the entire party, consisting of between thirty and forty guests, sat down to the handsome board spread under the trees, only the rich Juliette, her chaperon, and herself were strangers.

Camma sat between her hostess and Jeannie, whilst on the other side of the table, between Madame Hervé and Eugène, was the young heiress.

"Is not our dear Eugène charming to-day?" whispered Jeannie to her new friend—"so witty, so gay, so winning! Could any woman resist him?"

Certainly the brilliant young soldier had never stormed formidable redoubt more gallantly than he now laid siege to the somewhat obdurate fancy of a woman. This poor girl—so much was apparent to no superhumanly gifted physiognomist—had been hardened, one might almost go to the length of saying, unsexed, by overmuch adulation and perspective prosperity. Reared in the parasitical atmosphere of the convent, it was little wonder that she had learned to measure all things by one standard. As she sat by Eugène Hervé's side, he all dash, fire, and *abandon*, her face showed nothing but conventional approval. This possible wooer, as far as regarded his looks, manners, and position in life, was certainly unobjectionable; no one could deny that. Below such surface, alike in matters spiritual and intellectual, it was evident that she could not go.

Mademoiselle Juliette, indeed, was just rehearsing her part, as an actor his rôle in a play. She had been taught exactly how to look, act, and behave under precisely such circumstances. When Eugène declared that his love for music amounted to a passion, she smiled, and said that indeed it was no wonder. When he gave her a brilliant description of camp life in Algeria, she remarked that he was an admirable narrator; and when he asked her if she felt no craving for foreign travel and experience, she replied that she supposed everybody wished to see something of the world beyond his or her especial little corner.

Conversation is apt to flag under these conditions, but the Captain, nothing daunted, tried other tactics. There are more methods than one of taking your enemy's position, and certainly countless ways of being agreeable to a lady. He now resorted to small-talk, that insignificant yet useful coin, often more serviceable to us than banknotes. Eugène hit upon the happy, the delightful, the inexhaustible topic of dress and fashion—a topic no man of the world, much less a delicate-minded man, will broach except to a really well-dressed woman.

The would-be adorer had first glanced at the young lady sitting beside him in order to feel quite sure that he was not venturing upon thorny ground. Yes, here at least criticism had no word to say. Coiffure, toilet, general effect, were all faultless: he might, then, with perfect safety satirize the latest Parisian extravagance in head-dresses or heels, the newest absurdity in the manner of adjusting a bonnet or holding a parasol. Soon he had the entire company for audience, but Juliette's speeches remained circumspect and measured as before. She smiled, even laughed outright, but smiles and laughter in girls too carefully brought up may be the reverse of exhilarating.

"You are satirical," she remarked, after one of his liveliest sallies; "but it is perfectly true. The present style of dress, if one were foolish enough to follow it exactly, is the most unbecoming and inconvenient in the world."

Eugène glanced at his companion, perhaps with some thought in his mind—if really it came to this that one could rub on without brains and heart, what a finished, delicious creature this would be! The arrangement of hair would always be perfection, the embroidered hem of the white slip would always show a flawless shoe, the whole appearance from head to foot be such as to defy criticism. But the living entity, the feminine personality—might not that prove somewhat monotonous and wanting in charm?

Nevertheless, with true Gallic spirit he returned to the charge, determined to find out for once and for all how much of the true woman was here. Something of it there must surely be, and in this world it is useless to expect of anything more than the half.

"Ah!" he cried, "but what style of dress could not my country-women persuade us into believing both convenient and becoming? Let Parisian milliners but bring into vogue the costume of an Esquimau, and straightway we should all declare it to be the most adorable that ever graced the Boulevard des Italiens."

Here was an opportunity for a little sparkling feminine persiflage, but Mademoiselle Juliette merely observed to Jeannie: "How atrociously dear furs are this year! Another severe winter or two, and I suppose a seal-skin mantle would be quite unattainable, except by millionaires."

Meantime, as the breakfast passed from one stage to another, the elder folks could not resist eulogistic little asides about the pair. How animated was Eugène! how happy his sallies! whilst nothing could be more discreet than the young lady's replies, nor more dignified than her behavior.

So easy is it as we grow old to grow mercenary also, and ignoring the real beauty of youth, fancy that well-being and comfort generally are as good as, perhaps better than, anything else in life.

"Did you notice it?" whispered one visitor to her hostess as the company broke up. "I have been listening to her all the time—to Mademoiselle Juliette, I mean, of course—and not a single foolish speech has she uttered from the beginning of the breakfast till the end."

The picnic had taken place within an inclosed vineyard outside the village, where a little open space used by the vintagers in October just accommodated the two long tables and assembled guests. Some now went one way, some another, the old ladies to croon and knit in the summer-house adjoining the vineyard, the elder men to play dominoes in-doors, the boys and girls to have their game of croquet, the rest to do with themselves as they would till evening, when a second reunion was to take place.

The afternoon sun now poured in full force upon the vines, but just outside rose the rocky,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

breezy height before mentioned, where coolness and shadow were to be had on the hottest day of the year. Some benefactor of his kind, sympathizing with happy lovers, sportive children, and sun-basking age, had here planted in days gone by a noble avenue of walnut-trees, thus connecting the common pleasure-ground with the coppice woods at one opening and the village at the other.

Hither now came Camma and her new friends to idle away the hours separating the mid-day banquet from the evening festivity.

The two girls sat down on a rustic bench under the trees, whilst Eugène threw himself on the grass beside them. He had to-day exchanged his military dress for the cool white pantaloon and loose alpaca blouse so dear to a Frenchman's heart in summer-time.

The young man, as he now stretched out his limbs, loosened his neckcloth, threw off his straw hat, and drew in deep breaths of the sweet air, seemed overcome by an almost ecstatic sense of deliverance.

"Jeannie," he cried, "did my very existence depend on it, I could not go a single step farther in this business. Do, my dear, good little sister, put up your sunshade this very moment, and hasten to warn our grandmother ere the mischief is done past recall."

He turned to Camma, smiling apologetically. "Pray pardon me," he said. "I ought not to allude to personal matters before a visitor; but this is one which admits of not a single instant's delay. Come, Jeannie, you really *must* go."

Jeannie looked up with an expression of dismay and entreaty, but, jumping from the ground, he playfully compelled her to rise also, and led her a few paces forward in the direction of the village. The pair excused themselves to their guest for a few moments, and paced backward and forward arm in arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"HER FACE IS LIKE THE SUNRISE."

Her face is like the sunrise,
  Her eyes are like the sea,
And morning comes into my heart
  If she but look on me.

Her lips are like wild roses;
  And when she uttereth
Her tender words of love, they bring
  To me the wild flower's breath.

And so a holy daybreak
  Is mine with every hour;
Each moment feels the blue sea's might,
  The rose's magic power.

George Parsons Lathrop.

CARDINAL JOHN McCLOSKEY.

It has been little more than a year since Cardinal McCloskey celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and now we record his death, at his home in New York, on October 10. He had completed his seventy-fifth year, having been born in Brooklyn March 20, 1810. He has therefore been a witness during his lifetime of the rapid development of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. For in 1800, ten years before his birth, the Catholic population of the United States did not exceed one hundred thousand; in 1880 it exceeded six millions. Among the bishops who have given their unceasing labor to the organization of this vast body, Cardinal McCloskey has been pre-eminent. He was of Irish extraction. When twelve years of age he became a pupil of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland. Here he spent in all eleven years. In 1834 he was ordained priest, and immediately after ordination went to Rome, where he studied theology and philosophy for three years. Upon his return home he was appointed to the charge of St. Joseph's Church in this city. In 1841 he was made president of St. John's College, Fordham, and rector of the diocesan seminary there. In 1844, at the request of Bishop Hughes, he was appointed coadjutor Bishop of the diocese of New York. The two bishops thus associated were entirely unlike. Hughes, highly combative, seemed to delight in the excitement of controversy, was continually before the public in the attack or defense of some issue, and was scarcely out of one conflict before he was in the midst of another. An energetic, restless man, he suffered no question in which he had an interest to sleep. Bishop McCloskey, gentle, scholarly, and almost retiring in his disposition, was the better fitted to win personal attachment and love. He was, however, a diligent man of affairs and a polished and pleasing preacher.

The two events of Archbishop McCloskey's life likely to be best remembered are the building under his administration of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the bestowal upon him by Pope Pius IX. of the honor of the cardinalate. The Cathedral was begun by Bishop Hughes in 1858, and is undoubtedly the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice in our country. The archbishop secured for it large gifts from the Catholic laity, and gave freely himself toward its completion. Having been transferred to the see of Albany in 1847, he succeeded Archbishop Hughes in the diocese of New York in the year 1864. In 1875 he was made Cardinal, being the first ever appointed in the United States. The services attending the bestowal of this honor were of unusual splendor. It certainly can be said of Cardinal McCloskey that he bore his honors modestly, and so carried himself to the last as to hold by a strong tie the affections of his people. His designated successor in the episcopate is Bishop Corrigan, who has for several years administered the affairs of the diocese.

THE DAVIS ISLAND DAM.

The project of the Davis Island Dam, which is intended to promote the navigability of the waters about Pittsburgh, was entered upon eleven years ago, and has recently been completed, at a cost to the United States government of about a million dollars. This sum includes the expenditure for gates, lock, and shore works. The dam proper cost about $750,000. The Ohio River at Pittsburgh, where it finds its beginning in the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, has long been an untrustworthy and troublesome stream, owing to the great variation in the supply of its water. Commerce has suffered great hinderance from its vagaries, and for months every year river traffic between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi has been shut off. At one period the upper Ohio would be deep enough to float a 74-gun ship, and plenty of water to spare, and at another would fall to a depth not sufficient to float even one of the small-draught steamboats which were built especially with a view to the periodical shallowness of the waters thereabouts.

The Davis Island Dam is designed to afford at all seasons water enough to accommodate the enormous commerce which centres in the Pennsylvania city. It is of the sort known as the Chauvine wicket dam, a French invention, and one which has been in successful use in France for a long time. It is built in sections which are of a bulk sufficiently small to admit of their being readily raised or lowered, so that at any time there may be a complete barrier opposed to the flow of the stream, or a partial barrier, or no barrier at all. The entire structure is founded in solid masonry, and the movable sections are of wood and iron. The dam has three divisions, called respectively the low and the high weir and the navigable pass, and the separations of these divisions are marked by stone piers.

The lock at the Davis Island Dam is of extraordinary size, being 600 feet long and 110 feet wide. Its gates are 118 feet long, 13½ feet thick, and 15 feet high. Its area is upward of an acre and a half, and it is large enough to hold a tug-boat, two barges, and ten flats at one time. The land wall of the dam has an entire run (following the gate recesses) of 1170 feet, and contains 6000 cubic yards of masonry. The foundation wall across the river contains 4000 cubic yards of masonry, and is almost 700 feet in length.

It is believed that the dam will insure an ample depth of water at the head of the pool, even in those times when the river would naturally be at its lowest. In the event of one of those sudden risings to which the river is occasionally given, the dam will not be a dangerous obstacle, because owing to its sectional construction, and the facility with which it may be manipulated, the entire structure can be thrown open in the space of ten minutes.

THE OLD FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The fire laddies of the old Volunteer Department, who ran and pumped, strained their muscles and risked their lives, to save the lives and property of this city when it was yet a baby, call to mind the doughty knights and plucky fighting men of the olden time. In those good days a man who thought he had been wronged called his friends together, put on all the iron he could carry, got the biggest sword he could handle, and a horse big enough to handle him, and then started out to slice up foes until he should meet a better man than himself.

When the fire laddy prepared to tackle his enemy, he went about it in the same independent way. His own arms dragged his fighting implements along; he depended on his muscle and his pluck to raise a stream of water high enough and strong enough to vanquish his enemy, and if he couldn't turn on a stream, he was glad to do his fighting by the pailful. It was not as quick as the Gatling gun, the modern fire-engine, or the water tower, but it was more inspiring and more romantic. It gave a man a chance to show what he could do; it made a big man of Sir Lancelot, who might have been shot full of holes by a German waiter had he been fighting in these times, and it bred close friendships between men who learned to know each other while struggling side by side in a good cause.

Many an old boy who remembers when he ran with the hose and fought for a hydrant feels that things are moving along a little too fast, and that some of the best times are being left behind. And many of them will be glad to hear of the good time which some of their fellows had when they met a short time ago to have a barbecue and be sociable at Sulzer's Park, in Harlem. The big time lasted all day; and it would have done the heart of any man good to go and see all the happiness that was going on there. Dozens of old men with red shirts met dozens of other old men, and talked about the wonderful times which they had had together, and of the big fires which they had helped fight.

It was quite the proper thing to sneer at everything connected with fires in our day; and the young people who listened with mouths wide open wondered as they learned what wonderful men the old folks had really been. They heard tales of running which paled the records of our fire-engines, and of our elevated railroads as well. Tears trickled down the cheeks of fat firemen as they laughed about the fights they had had over the right to stand nearest to the fire and get scorched, and remembered how they had turned their caps around and vowed to let everything burn unless what was right was done.

But not words alone showed the agility of the hale old firemen. Here and there in some quiet corner could be seen a lively flying pair of feet belonging to some old fireman treating his friends to a regular old-time breakdown. And then there were the racers, flying around the track with a wonderful speed, and giving brilliant ideas of the way in which a hose must have scooted along when dragged by a hundred such fliers. While the racers were celebrating their victories, an odor hard to resist began spreading everywhere through the air, and the crowd discovered that the huge ox turning slowly on the spit was soon to be theirs. As night fell, the high-priest of the barbecue declared the victim ready, and soon every man with a red shirt had a big strip of roast ox in one hand, and so did those without a red shirt, except some who had a piece in each hand. In the midst of the feast a bell began ringing suddenly, and the four thousand people abandoned roast ox to look at wonderful fire-works, and listen to the stories told by the old men, and which were brought to memory by the emblems represented in the sparks of fire. First the badge of the Volunteer Firemen's Association blazed out, and then came representations of a fire-engine, a hose-cart, and a hook and ladder truck.

In the midst of it there came rushing along an old fireman, who ran as though forty years had been lifted from his shoulders, crying, "Fire! fire!" with the enthusiasm of a man who really smells something burning down in his basement. Flames were creeping up over a little house which had been built of wood especially to be sacrificed, and the crowd which had heard of the old Fire Department had a chance to learn what it was. With hats off, white hair blowing, and nimble legs spinning along with no respect for the size of the rest of the body, the old firemen came bowling along at full speed, shouting to each other to hurry, and make the machines "jump," and straining every nerve as though each man's reputation as a regular old fireman were inclosed in the little wooden house, and in danger of burning.

But no fire was ever more summarily treated or more thoroughly trampled upon than that poor fire. The enthusiastic volunteers poured on enough water to drown the park, and after showing the best way of getting a baby out of a burning room—*i. e.*, by going in after it—the conflagration was killed, and the old firemen left panting. After they had cooled down, they warmed themselves up again with dancing, and made themselves happy with the dances and stories of old times until the sun came up and drove them away. Those who wish to see portraits of some of the old firemen and the machines they ran with, and read the interesting account of how they used to run to fires in former days would do well to read Mr. Sheldon's *Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of the City of New York*, published by Harper & Brothers.

Arthur Brisbane.

SOME MEDIÆVAL BANQUETS.

An old chronicler tells us that on the occasion of a tournament honored by the presence of most of the nobility of England, the cooks who prepared the banquets entered into a friendly contest as to which of them should have the merit of designing the most acceptable dish. The cook to whom this honor fell sent in a sucking pig harnessed to a chariot of plum-pudding with strings of sausages.

In 1470 the Archbishop of York gave a banquet which has probably never been surpassed for the abundance of the comestibles consumed. Three hundred quarters of flour were used, three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, a hundred hogsheads of hippocras, eighty fat oxen, six wild oxen, a thousand and four sheep, three hundred pigs, three hundred sucking pigs, three hundred calves, three thousand geese, a thousand capons, two hundred peafowl, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four herons, four thousand ducks, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four thousand snipes, four hundred water-hens, one hundred quails, one thousand bitterns, two hundred roes, four hundred deer, fifteen hundred and six venison pasties, fourteen hundred bowls of meat jelly, four thousand bowls of sweet spices, three hundred pikes, three hundred breams, eight dogfish, four dolphins, and four hundred fruit tarts. Sixty red-faced cooks labored and fumed to reduce these good things to dainty dishes, while a thousand serving-men waited outside the banqueting hall, and five hundred and fifteen within. The lordly archbishop who sat at the head of the table was the brother of the celebrated "King-maker," and the occasion was his elevation to the "primacy of England." The King-maker himself was no less notable for his housekeeping. At his London mansion his retainers consumed six oxen daily for breakfast, and at his numerous seats the same liberal scale of purveyance was absolutely necessary.

The Germans, always celebrated for heavy eating, furnish us with some curious culinary items. In the Middle Ages the goose was the grand dish among them; but they also ate crows, storks, cranes, herons, swans, and bitterns—these last-named dishes being arranged in a circle of honor around the goose. The geier, or European vulture, the dogfish, the dolphin, and even the whale, were eaten, whilst a roast guinea-pig was considered a very great delicacy. All their foods were highly spiced; and sauces were endless in their variety, three or four kinds being served up with each dish. In these sauces pepper, mace, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, garlic, saffron, and pimento contended for the mastery; and the more decided the flavor, the better the cook.

Of course the great art was to arrange these sauces in an ascending scale of piquancy. So great, indeed, was the passion for highly flavored foods that turkeys had often an allowance of musk in their daily rations. The most fashionable wines were those of Chios, Cyprus, and other Greek vintages; but as highly flavored foods require drink to correspond, the wine was generally spiced, and was served under the name of hippocras. It was not thought unpolite, even so late as the sixteenth century, for a guest to ask his host what wines he intended to provide, so that he might make his calculations as to what he would take before he confined himself to the particular tipple which should place him under the table; nor was it thought unpolite in the middle of a banquet to undo the girdle in order to make more room for such tempting tidbits as pike tails, barbels' heads, skin of roast goose, and swan tongues.

The feast usually commenced at eleven in the forenoon; and the longer the host could keep the guests at table, the better was he thought of; but in the matter of drinking, he was expected to encourage potation by providing bacchanalian songs, or at least by being himself the first to become *hors de combat*. It was with this latter object that a rich man would mix his wines, while a poorer one would contrive to have his homely tankard strongly dosed with wine, or even spirits, when these had become general.

When Joachim I. of Brandenburg married the daughter of the Duke of Saxony, in 1524, the first course consisted of hare, venison, birds, and apples roasted in butter; the second, of smerlin, quince and pear tarts, and hare pie; and the third, of capon served with biscuits and sweet wines, also of whey and rice.

In addition to these dishes, there were served with each course immense piles of sugar and almond paste to represent some group of figures, such as a tournament of knights, a historical or legendary event, or some sacred subject. These contrivances were called show dishes; and the ingenuity of the court pastry-cooks and confectioners must often have been exercised for months beforehand in order to furnish them, while the good monks at the neighboring monastery must often have been obliged to ransack their brains in order to suggest subjects which should prove both interesting and new.

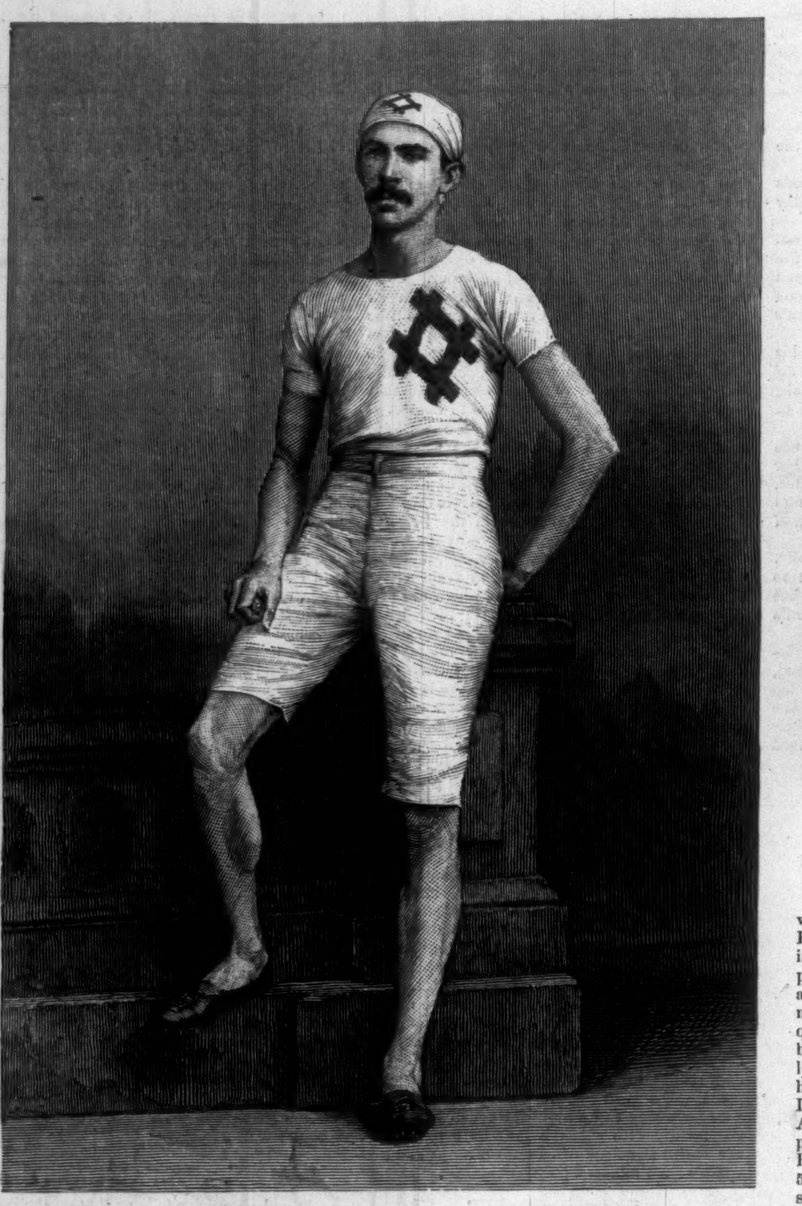
In Elizabethan days the first course on great occasions would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel, or hotchpot. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, poor John, stockfish, and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings, and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble-pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl, and game. In the fifth course, all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese-cakes, jellies, warden-pies, suckets, syllabubs, and so on; to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake. For the drinks, ale and beer, wine, sack, and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin, some of which were concocted out of as many as five-and-twenty herbs, and were redolent of sweet country perfumes.

Queen Elizabeth's table was always laid with the utmost solemnity. The major-domo entered the banqueting room with his white wand, accompanied by one with the table-cloth. Both kneeled three times reverently, the cloth was spread, and after some further reverent kneeling they retired. In like manner the major-domo led in the man who carried the salt-cellar, the plates, and the bread, when the performances on the knees were again repeated. Two ladies of title now entered, one a matron and the other unmarried. These prostrated themselves three times, when the younger lady rubbed the plates reverently with salt and bread. After that came the yeomen of the guard, or "beefeaters," each bearing a silver dish. There were usually four-and-twenty to a course. A gentleman received each dish, and after it was placed by him on the table, a lady taster took out a small portion and gave it to the man who had carried it in, to eat, in case it should have been poisoned. During the whole of these observances the prostrations were continued, just as if the Queen herself had been present, and the trumpeters blew fanfares and the kettle-drums rolled. By this time the Queen had entered her private room leading out of the banqueting hall, and each dish was in turn carried in to her by an unmarried lady, and placed on the table for her Majesty to make her selection; after which they were conveyed once more into the great room, to be consumed by those who had the honor of dining at court. Throughout the whole meal the most reverential and solemn etiquette was rigorously exacted of all.

LAWRENCE E. MYERS.

It is nearly seven years since the man who now holds the title of amateur champion short-distance runner of the world made his first public appearance as a foot-racer. Even then, when a novice, his style of running attracted attention by the matchless elasticity, ease, and grace of his movement. His stride is seven feet, and even when he is at his highest speed he seldom appears distressed or even hurried. Lawrence E. Myers was born in Richmond, Virginia, February 16, 1858, and is therefore twenty-seven years old. He is 5 feet 7¾ inches tall, and weighs about 116 pounds. As a boy he was noted for his speed, and was invariably victorious in impromptu races with his school-mates. Upon leaving the Richmond High School he came to New York, and obtained a position as a correspondence clerk in a wholesale drug-house, where he formed the acquaintance of Mr. William Potter, to whom the credit is due of introducing Mr. Myers to public athletics. That introduction occurred on election day, November 7, 1878, when, under the direction of his friend, Myers entered the quarter-mile run at the handicap games of the New York Athletic Club. He was allowed eighteen yards start, and won quite easily in 55 seconds. En-

QUARTER-MILE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP.

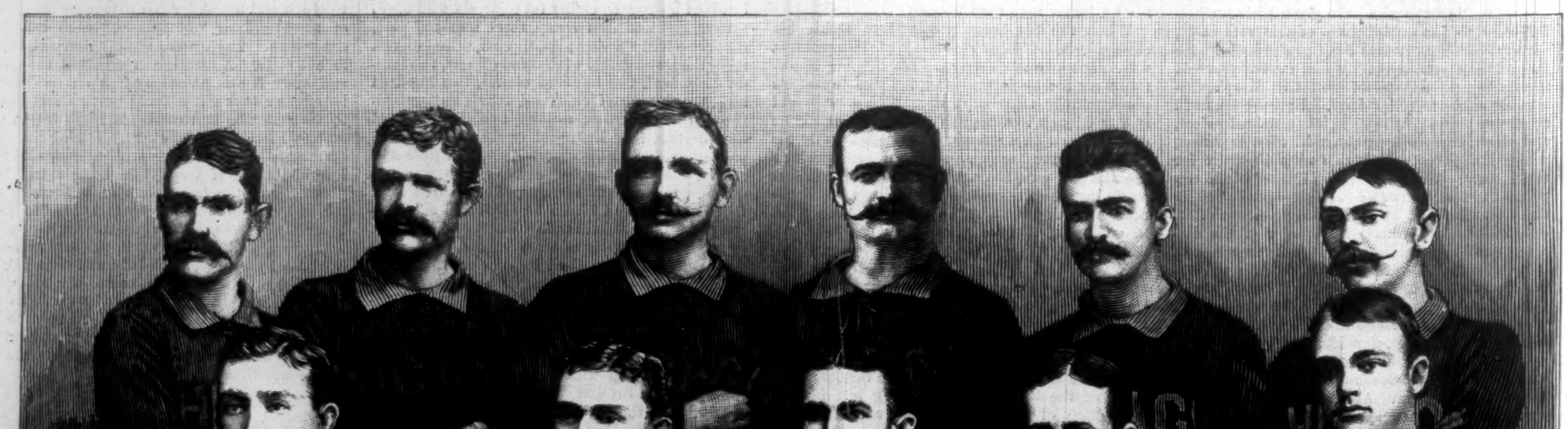


LAWRENCE E. MYERS, CHAMPION SHORT-DISTANCE RUNNER OF THE WORLD.

HALF-MILE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP.

couraged by this success, he entered the games of the same club held in Madison Square Garden some months later, and finished second in both the 220 and 440 yard races, being beaten by men to whom he conceded long starts. It was not until March 1, 1879, however, that he caused a genuine sensation, although he has caused many since. On that date he won a half-mile run in 2 minutes $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, defeating a large field of "cracks" by more than fifty yards. From that time he has been regarded as a wonder. His first race of great importance was with EDWARD MERRITT, of the N. Y. A. C., then the champion. MERRITT was regarded as invincible, but MYERS defeated him easily in a quarter-mile run, at Staten Island, in the then fast time of 54 seconds. His races with W. G. GEORGE, of England, on the Polo Grounds, in November, 1882, are still fresh in the memory of people interested in athletic sports. They ran three races, one at a half-mile, which MYERS won, and the others at one mile and 1320 yards respectively, which were won by GEORGE. The latter races proved that distance running was not MYERS's forte. Up to his limit, however, Mr. MYERS runs all distances almost equally well, and he is credited with having made the fastest recorded times at all distances from 100 to 1000 yards, excepting only 220 yards, a record that has never been approached by any runner, either amateur or professional. Mr. MYERS has been amateur champion of America at one distance or another ever since 1879. In that year he won the championship for quarter and half mile running. In 1880 he won the 100 yard, 220 yard, 440 yard, and half-mile runs, being the first to win four championship prizes in one year. In 1881 he won the 100, 220, and 440 yard races. In 1882 he won the 440 yard only, being beaten by H. S. BROOKS, Jun., of Yale, in the 220 yard dash. He was again defeated by Mr. BROOKS, at the same distance, for the championship of 1883. In that year Mr. MYERS again won the quarter-mile championship. In 1884 he again won the 220, 440, and 880 yard championships. He was in England when the championship meeting was held last June, it being the first championship meeting he has missed since he entered athletic competitions. In June, 1881, Mr. MYERS made his first visit to England, where he won the quarter-mile championship in $48\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, the best on record in the world. He has but recently returned from his third trip to England, where he has again beaten the swiftest English runners. During his career Mr. MYERS has won fourteen American championships, ten Canadian championships, and three championships of England. He holds the following best on records: 50 yards, $5\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; 75 yards, $7\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; 100 yards, 10 seconds; 110 yards, $11\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; 120 yards, 12 seconds; 130 yards, $13\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; 200 yards, $20\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; 250 yards, 26 seconds; 300 yards, $31\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; 400 yards, $43\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; 440 yards, $48\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; 500 yards, 58 seconds; 600 yards, 1 minute $11\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; 660 yards, 1 minute 22 seconds; 700 yards, 1 minute 31 seconds; 800 yards, 1 minute $44\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; half a mile, 1 minute $55\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; 1000 yards, 2 minutes 13 seconds. It will give an idea of Mr. MYERS's speed to say that he would cover the distance between two bases in a ball field in three seconds.

The trophies shown in our illustrations were both won in England—the quarter-mile cup at Birmingham, in 1881, and again in 1885; the half-mile cup on a heavy English track last summer.



GEORGE GORE, C. F. — F. S. FLINT, C. — A. C. ANSON, 1st B. — J. MCCORMICK, P. — M. J. KELLY, C. F. — FRED. PFEFFER, 2d B.
E. N. WILLIAMSON, 3d B. — A. DALRYMPLE, L. F. — THOMAS E. BURNS, S. S. — JOHN G. CLARKSON, P. — WILLIAM A. SUNDAY, R. F.

THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. MOSHER.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

THE OLD NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT CELEBRATION.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 683.]

THE CHICAGO NINE.

CONTRARY to expectations—to the expectation of New-Yorkers, at all events—the base-ball championship pennant of 1885 goes to Illinois. New York fought hard for it, and made such a good race for the honor that the result was in doubt until the two famous teams had entered upon and were well up in the last "quarter-stretch."

It is unnecessary to review the recent games at Chicago which finally settled this most interesting athletic controversy. Everybody who has paid any attention to the base-ball struggle of the season just closed knows with what intense anxiety the opening game of the final series between the New York and Chicago nines at Chicago was watched. The bulletin-boards of the New York newspapers were watched throughout the progress of the game by thousands of excited persons, the interest in the contest here being fully as great as in the city where it took place. Chicago had won 79 games, and New York 76; Chicago had lost 20 games, and New York 23. Should New York win all four of the games with Chicago, she would assume the lead in the race for the pennant. Well, New York, as is pretty generally remembered, did not win the first game, nor the second game, nor the third. The fourth game of the series was placed to New York's credit, but that victory came too late to count as an advantage in the League struggle, and created but little public interest.

The pennant of 1885 has gone to the Chicago players, and they are to-day the reigning champions of the ball field, and it is quite proper to say that they have earned and deserve all the honors that are heaped upon them. Their portraits, which are published in this issue, show them to be a good-featured, honest-faced, and sturdy-looking set of young Americans. Few of them are above thirty years of age. They are not only athletic, but bright and intelligent as well. One of them is a college graduate, and the majority of them have turned or are turning their attention to other affairs in life than the playing of base-ball, and will be engaged during the coming winter in various commercial and business pursuits.

Captain A. C. ANSON, first base man, is the senior by several years of the other members of the club, and is one of the giants of the ball field. He stands six feet two inches in height, and weighs in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. He is a native of the State of Iowa, and has been a member of the Chicago nine since 1876, having previously served for four years with the Athletics.

JOHN G. CLARKSON, the pitcher, whose wonderful curves and lightning-like delivery have puzzled the League players throughout the season, is a recent graduate of Harvard College. He is a Bostonian by birth, and is but twenty-four years of age. When not playing ball he is engaged in the jewelry business, and is a steady, sober, and industrious young man.

J. McCORMICK, who alternates with CLARKSON as pitcher, is twenty-eight years of age, and was born in Scotland. He has been the pitcher of a number of different clubs, but made his chief reputation while in "the box" for the Cleveland club. He served last year with the Providence nine. He is five feet ten and a half inches in height, and weighs 196 pounds.

M. J. KELLY, the catcher, has been on the ball field for the last eight years, making his first appearance with the Olympic Club of Paterson, New Jersey. He is a native of Troy, New York, and has played with the Chicago nine since 1880. He weighs 170 pounds, and is five feet nine inches in height.

F. S. FLINT is the change or alternate catcher of the Chicago club. He is over six feet tall, and heavily built. He was born in Philadelphia, and has at different times been connected with nines of St. Louis, Covington, and Indianapolis. He joined the Chicagoes in 1879, and is to-day regarded as one of the surest catchers in the country.

E. N. WILLIAMSON, who plays at third base, is also a Philadelphian by birth, and is twenty-eight years of age. He made a famous reputation as an amateur ball-player, and found little difficulty in securing an engagement with the old Allegheny nine. He afterward played with the Indianapolis club, and joined the Chicagoes in 1879.

GEORGE F. GORE, centre fielder, stands a little over five feet ten inches, and weighs 180 pounds. He was born in a little Maine village which rejoices in the cheerful name of Saccarappa. GORE is noted as a very fast base-runner and a powerful batter.

A. DALRYMPLE, who plays at left field, is a handsome young man about twenty-five years of age. In height and weight he is the counterpart of GORE. He came into notice as a member of the Milwaukee club, and has earned the reputation of being one of the cleverest fly-catchers in the land.

FRED PFEFFER, second base man, is a Kentuckian by birth, having been born at Louisville in 1860. He has been a member of the Chicago nine for two years, and has earned an enviable reputation for long-distance throwing. He has been credited during the past season with many brilliant plays.

WILLIAM A. SUNDAY, right fielder, who is the only unmarried man in the nine, is twenty-one years of age, and is a native of Iowa. He is looked upon as one of the most promising young ball-players in the country.

THOMAS E. BURNS has been the short stop for the Chicago nine since 1881. He was born in the State of New York, but made his first appearance on the ball field at Providence, Rhode Island. He was a member of the Albany club when that organization won the championship of the National Association. He is twenty-nine years of age.

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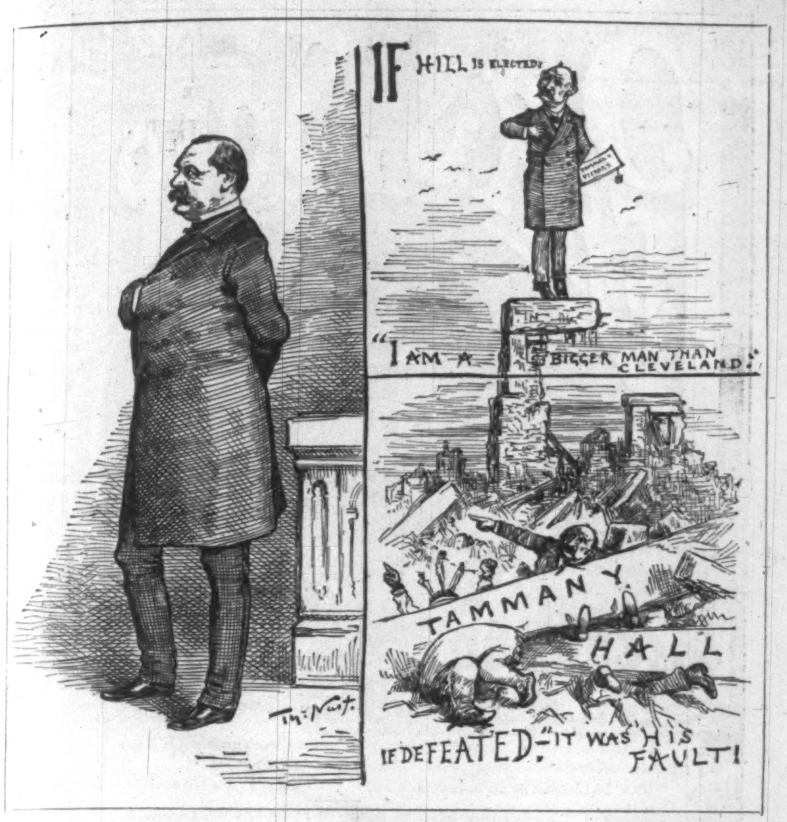

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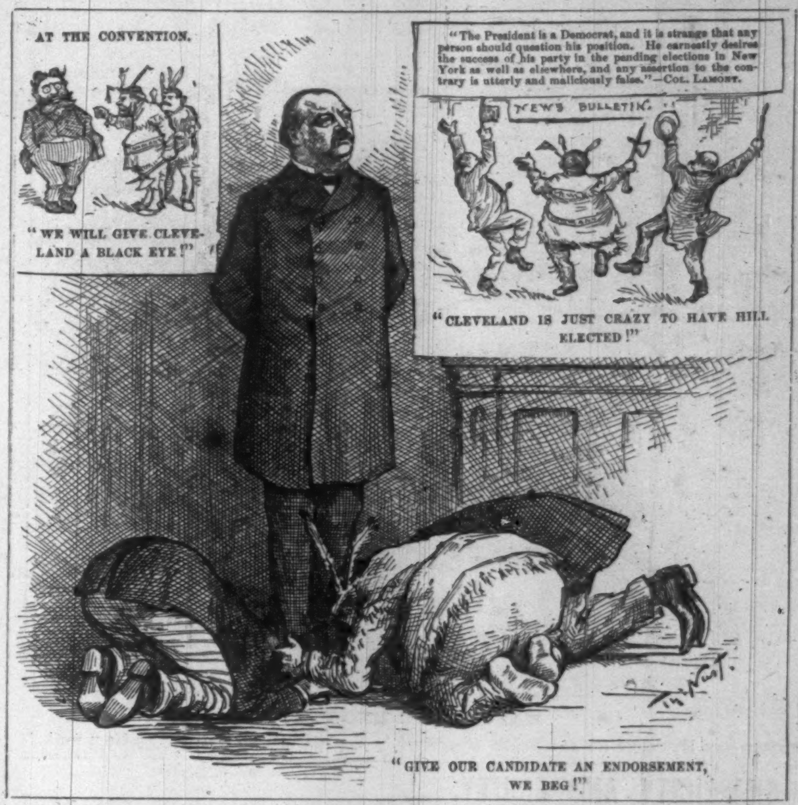

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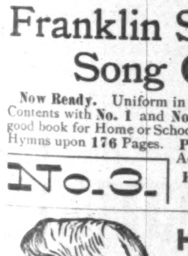

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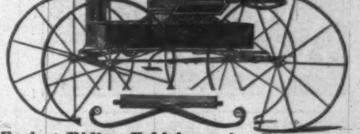

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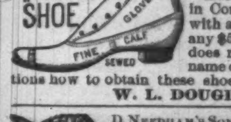

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